# Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." Terms, $2 per year, in advance.

VOLUME XII. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1878. NUMBER 36.



LARGE STOCK! LOW PRICES!

MEN'S AND BOYS'

CLOTHING!

—AT—

Greatly Reduced Prices.

FINE ASSORTMENT OF

GENTS' AND YOUTHS'

DRESS SUITS

—AT—

L. M. WOOLF'S

POPULAR

ONE-PRICE

CLOTHING EMPORIUM,

Next Door to John Thomas' Store,

Main Street, - - Johnstown, Pa.

SEPTEMBER 13, 1878.—4m.

THE GREAT ALTOONA

Clothing Depot

WILL SUPPLY YOU WITH AN

All-Wool COAT for $1.75,

Well worth four times the amount;

A Man's Suit, lined throughout, for $3.50

—Cheap at Six Dollars.

A PAIR MEN'S HEAVY PANTS FOR 65 CTS.

A Pair Men's Overalls for 25c.

A Suit of Heavy Underclothing for 50c.

*A Good Calico Shirt for 25c.*

MEN'S HATS AND CAPS

FROM FORTY CENTS UP.

Trunks and Satchels

From Seventy Five Cents Up.

Cents' FURNISHING GOODS

—THE LARGEST STOCK IN THE CITY.

LADIES' FANCY GOODS, MILLINERY GOODS, LINEN SUITS, PARASOLS, &c.,

CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, OIL AND PAPER BLINDS,

Down to the Lowest Notch in Price.

☞ It is such low prices as above quoted that attract such large crowds to this CHEAP CASH STORE, and ought to convince every person that money can be saved by dealing with

CHAS. SIMON, 1307 Eleventh Ave.,

*Opposite Elway's Merchant Tailor Shop,*

Altoona, Pa.

C. SIMON & CO.,

ALTOONA, PA.,

BEFORE BUYING ELSEWHERE!

GRAND DRY GOODS SALE

—FOR THE NEXT—

30 DAYS.

*Stair Carpets, 7, 15, 25, 35c.*
*Good Hemp Carpet, yard wide, 15, 18, 20*
*Good Ingrain Carpet, 25, 35, 45c.*
*Oil Cloths for Tables and Floors. 20, 30, 40, 45c.*
*Window Shades, 30 cts. per Roll.*
*Window Shade Fixtures. Very Cheap.*
*Oil Blinds, with Gilt Borders, $1.00 per pair.*
*Linen Suits and Ulsters, at 10 to 50 per cent. reduction.*

DRESS GOODS At Wonderful Low Prices.

*Ladies' and Children's Hats, 5 cts. and upward.*
*Also, Corsets, Ribbons, Ruchings, &c., which will be slaughtered for the next 30 days.*
*Our Black Cashmere cannot be excelled in quality or price.*

☞ Don't miss this opportunity, but come now and bring your cash, as we don't sell on credit.

C. SIMON & CO.,

11th Ave. & 13th St., Altoona.

S. B. CORN, Salesman.


## DESIRABLE FARM

At Public Sale.

THE undersigned will offer for sale at public outcry, on the premises in Summerhill township, Cambria county, Pa., on

THURSDAY, OCT. 31, 1878,

Commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M., the following described real estate, to wit:

A FARM CONTAINING 140 ACRES,

more or less, adjoining lands of Geo. Settlemyer, John McCormick, and James McDunn, about 110 acres of which is cleared an l under good cultivation, the balance being woodland, and all underlaid with minerals.

The improvements consist of a FRAME HOUSE, with a good well and pump near the door, BANK BARN, Cornerib, and other outbuildings. There is also a good bearing Orchard and plenty of running water for cattle on the premises. The farm is about two miles from Wilmore and within sight of the Pa. R. R., and can be made a very desirable home, the land being of good quality.

TERMS OF SALE.—$200 cash on day of sale to ratify agreement, one-third of balance on the 1st of April, 1879 and the residue in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by the judgment bond and mortgage of the purchaser.

SUSAN SAHM,
M. O. T. SAHM.

Sept. 27, 1878.-5t.

## ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, the undersigned Administrator of Sarah Grosser, late of the town of Munster, dec'd will expose to public sale on the premises, in the said town of Munster, on

*Tuesday, the 17th day of October,*

proximo, at 2 o'clock, P. M., the following described real estate, to wit:

ALL THAT CERTAIN PIECE OR LOT OF GROUND known on the plan of said town as Lot No. 105 and bounded on the east by Bedford street, on the south by Huntingdon street, and on the west by lot of Rose McKim, dec'd having thereon erected a two story FRAME HOUSE and the requisite outbuildings.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale, and the balance in two equal annual payments with interest from date, to be secured by the judgment exemption notes of the purchaser.

H. KINKEAD, Administrator.

Sept. 27, 1878. 3t.

STRAY BULL.—Came to the premises of the subscriber, in Clearfield township on or about the 28th of July last, a red and white spotted yearling bull which the owner can have by proving property and paying charges—otherwise the animal will be disposed of as the law directs. WILLIAM ADAMS.

Clearfield Twp., Aug. 6, 1878.—9-20.-3t.

### "THEM YANKEE BLANKITS."

WHERE SUFFERING AND BROTHERLY KINDNESS BROUGHT HEARTS TOGETHER IN LOVE.

[*Sam. W. Small in Atlanta Constitution.*]

Yes, John, I was down thar at Memphis
A-workin' around at the boats,
A-heavin' o' cotton with emph'sis
An' a loadin' her outer the floats.
I was comin' away from Ole Texas,
Whar I went, you know, arter the wah—
'Bout it now I'll make no reflexes,
But wait till I git ter long taw.

Well, while I was down thar the fever,
As yailer an' pizen as sin,
Broke out: an' ef you'll beleeve her,
Whorever she hit she struck in!
It didn't take long in the hatchin',
It's jes' ter'ry bred in the stir,
Till a hosspital camp warn't a patchin'
An' we'd plenty o' corpses to spare.

I volunteer'd then with the Howards—
I thought thet my duty was clear—
An' I didn't look back'ards, but fer'ards,
An' went fer my work 'ithout fear.
One day, nowsomever, she got me
As quick as the shot of a gun,
An' they toted me off ter allot me
A bunk tell my life race was run.

The doctors and nurses they wrest'l'd,
But it didn't do me any good;
An' the drugger he pounded an' pest'l'd,
But he didn't git up the right food.
"No blankets ner ice in the city!"—
I hear'd 'em say that from my bed—
And some cried: "Oh! who'll take pity
On the dyin' that soon'll be dead?"

Next day, howsomever, the doctor
Come in with a smile on his brow;
"Old boy, jest as yit we hain't knocked her,"
Said he, "but we'll do fer her now!"
Fer, yer see, John, them folks ter the Nor'ward
Had hear'd us afore we call'd twice
An' they'd sent us a full cargo forward
Of them much needed blankits an' ice.

Well, brother, I've been mighty solid
Agin' Yankees, yer know, since the wah,
An' agin reconstructin' was solid,
Not kearin' fer Kongress ner law;
But, John, I got cooler thet kiver,
That God-blessed gift o' the Yanks,
An' it say'd me from foolin' "the river,"
An' I'm prayin' 'em oceans o' thanks!

I tell yer, old boy, thar's er streak in us
Old Rebels an' Yanks thet is warm—
It's er bi etherly love thet'll speak in us
An' tet h us together in storm;
We may start about "niggers and trancheese,"
But whenever thar's sufferin' afoot—
The two trees'll unite in the branches
The same as they do at the root!

### LEONORA'S SWEETHEART.

BY JUDGE CLARK.

Having laid in an average stock of legal lore, I selected, as a field for its investment, one of the interior parishes of Louisiana.

Of the many God-speed-yous midst which I took leave of my native New England village the most dearly prized was spoken by gentle Alice Bond.

We were engaged; Alice and I; and as soon as my professional gains should justify it—an event we both looked to as in the near future—I was to return and bear off Alice to be the mistress of a sunny Southern home, of which Claude Melnotte's pictured paradise on the banks of Como may afford the reader a faint conception.

But fees didn't rain down in a golden shower at first. Indeed, it was pinching work for a time to pay office rent and board. Sometimes I was on the point of despending, but then would come one of dear Alice's loving hopeful letters, and I must have been a very coward not to have plucked up courage after that.

Things brightened after awhile. Better and more numerous clients came, among them a rich planter, owning thousands of acres and hundreds of slaves. Colonel Alvarez—that was his name—had, moreover, a beautiful daughter, the first sight of whom awakened in me a strange fascination.

With the hospitality of his class and clime, the colonel made me a frequent guest at his house, and thus the charming Leonora and myself were often thrown together.

Her beauty was of the rarest Spanish type. Her ancestors, indeed, had settled in the country when it was a Spanish dependency, and the purest Castilian blood flowed in her veins.

There was something so lofty in her bearing, and the flash of her black eyes was so dazzling, that, in spite of me, the sweet, modest image of Alice Bond began to pale in my memory like the soft lustre of a star before the rising sun.

I know, now, I did not cease to love Alice; but, somehow, I began to neglect writing to her, and, at last, through my remissness, our correspondence dropped altogether.

I spent most of my evenings at the colonel's. Leonora would sing me plaintive Spanish airs; and when we conversed there was something so thrillingly tender in her tones that it seemed like breaking a spell when the hour came for parting.

On my way to one of these visits I left the accustomed path, and took one winding through the trees. I soon heard voices not far ahead, one of which I could not fail to recognize.

The moon shone brightly, but I was in the shadow of a clump of magnolias, whence, without being observed, I could see, at a few rods' distance, two persons, a gentleman and lady, standing side by side, who were conversing earnestly. Her hand was upon his shoulder, and his arm encircled her waist.

"So your father is still inexorable," said the gentleman, on whose sombre features the light, at that moment, chanced to fall.

"Yes, dear Alphonso," replied Leonora, looking up into the other's face; "we must live on in hope, and trust to time's making all things even. But I must leave you now, or my absence will be noticed."

"If I only had a few paltry thousands," he muttered, "I'd marry you in spite of all the fathers in the world!"

Then she held her lips for the kiss which her companion gave, and the two separated.

Stepping aside to let the "dear Alphonso" pass, I returned home without paying the intended visit.

The scene I had witnessed had a curious effect on me. I do not think it made me jealous, for I believe I was not at all in love with Leonora. It served, however, to break the enchantment, or whatever it was, that bound me, and from that time I ceased to be a visitor at the colonel's house.

At last a letter came from Alice, whom I had so long neglected. Through some gossipping correspondent of a friend of hers, the news reached her that I was paying court to a wealthy planter's daughter. Upbraiding me with my breach of troth in words which wrung my heart, she released me from our engagement.

It was then, when the danger of losing her stared me in the face, that I realized the full depth of my love for Alice Bond.

I had laid up some money latterly, and besides had just won an important suit, for which I had been paid several thousand dollars.

My resolution was quickly taken.

"I can afford to marry Alice now," I said to myself; "and though we cannot have quite the palace we were wont to dream of, we can live comfortably, and trust to love to make up the rest.

On the day fixed for my departure a note was brought me directed in a lady's hand. It was signed "L. A.," I found on opening it.

"You surely cannot go," it said, "in spite of your coolness of late, without saying adieu to one who always sought to treat you kindly. I will be at the magnolias, on the winding path, at eight this evening, which will leave you time to reach the upward boat."

That the note was from Leonora Alvarez, the contents, as well as the initials subscribed, left no doubt. It awakened my curiosity. Why ask me to meet her at such a place? Could it be that she loved me, after all? At any rate it would be next to rudeness not to comply with her request.

I sent my luggage to the landing, and in good time, not to keep the lady waiting, took the path to the magnolias.

It was nightfall when I reached them, but, as it behooves a gentleman in such circumstances, I was ahead of time.

I had not been waiting long when a stealthy step behind drew my attention, but before I could turn, a stunning blow on the head felled me to the earth.

On returning to consciousness I found a negro stooping over me, whom I recognized as one of Col. Alvarez's slaves, whom I had made a friend of by divers small gifts of money.

"What's the matter, Tom?" I asked.

"Golly! nuff's de matter! Why, you's been knocked down and robbed! Jes feel yo' pockets!"

Springing up I made a rapid search. Sure enough—my pocket-book and all I had in the world was gone.

"Poor Alice!" was my first thought—"we cannot marry now."

"I know who done it," said Tom. "It ain't been a minnit sence. I seed it all from back yer in de bush, but dasn't speek. You jes' come dis way, Massa Warren."

Finding I had my pistols left, I followed Tom as he crept through the bushes as softly as a cat.

"H'sh!" warned my guide at length, holding up a finger.

"Lookee dar!" he whispered.

Out on the road, where Tom pointed, stood an open carriage. A lady seated within held the reins. I, was light enough to distinguish her features. They were Leonora's. In the man's I discerned those of "dear Alphonso."

"Have you got it?" she asked.

"Yes," was the answer, "and he'll never know who did it. We can afford to get married now, and trust to luck afterwards."

Before Alphonso could take his place at Leonora's side, my hand was on his collar and a pistol at his breast.

"My money or your life!" I exclaimed.

Leonora shrieked. Alphonso trembled.

"If he gives it back," said Leonora, "will you be silent."

"Yes, and you can marry him as soon as you like," I answered; "I see nothing unsuitable in the match."

Alphonso handed back my pocket-book. I got to the landing in time for the boat; reached my old home in safety; was forgiven by Alice; married her: and have ever since lived and practiced my profession in my native county town. What become of Leonora and her "dear Alphonso" I never learned.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

### ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

The story of Arctic exploration is always an entrancing one, even when told with the dry curtness of a log book. It is a story of battle in its intensest forms—of brave men called upon to exercise the sternest fortitude, and unceasing watchfulness, and ingenuity to meet and overcome the giant forces of nature in its most inhospitable moods. Many glorious triumphs are inscribed upon its pages, and also sad records of defeat and death. But whether the feeling called up be pride or sorrow, the same absorbing interest attaches to the story, especially when the readers are all Englishmen. America has gained honor by the Arctic explorations, and Austria, Germany and Sweden have left traces of their nationalities in the frozen North, but Englishmen have always regarded the work as their own peculiar heritage, bequeathed them by the long line of Arctic adventurers, from Davis, Frobisher, Hudson and Baffin down to the ill-fated Franklin. Certainly the loss sustained in the last named expedition chilled our ardor for many years, but the work was only suspended. For years after the mysterious disappearance of the Erebus and Terror, English interest in Arctic exploration was clouded over. Expedition after expedition went out but the object of each was primarily to clear up the mystery in which Franklin's fate was wrapped, and when the lonely little Fox, equipped by Lady Franklin, found the fatal paper on King William's Land which told of the abandonment of the Erebus and Terror, the shock and disappointment of the nation were such that any further attempts at Arctic exploration on the part of England were postponed indefinitely. Indeed the special discovery Franklin had in view—the discovery of the Northwest passage—has never since been attempted and probably never will be. But through all this long period the royal Geographical Society never lost heart. Year after year successive presidents have urged that another attempt should be made to reach the Pole, and at last their perseverence met with its reward. Just thirty years after the sailing Erebus and Terror, Captain Nares cast off from the dockyard wharf at Portsmouth on board H. M. S. Alert, with the Discovery as his consort. The general plan of operations was laid down in Captain Nares' sailing instructions from the Admiralty, the main task set before him being the attainment of the highest possible northern latitude. There were other geographical and scientific objects, but the first and principal was to reach the North Pole if possible. As all the world now knows, Captain Nares returned without accomplishing that object, but he did succeed in reaching a higher northern latitude than any of his predecessors.

WHY does a dog chew a bone after it is devoid of meat?" an inquisitive exchange asks. That is easy to answer; often heard of "Bread in the bone," and it is the bread the dog is after.

[For the Cambria Freeman.]

### SENTIMENTS ON LOVE.

The warmest language of the sunny South is too cold to shadow forth even a faint outline of that enthusiastic sentiment, love; and language, however eloquent, fails in the same respect, for hearts that thrill with love's emotion are too deep, too sacred, for contemplation. The first echo of love stirs the sweetest thoughts within the human breast, and steals into the most secret recesses of the heart, touching chords that never vibrated before—calling forth hopes till then unknown. Love is truly called the "morning star of life"—the luminous orb reflecting rays of dazzling brightness o'er the pathway of life, and whose beams none escape. Yes, there are a few exceptions, found only in the church or cloister. But, we on side, have cherished in our hearts an ideal, a vision of beauty, grace and loveliness too bright to exist, save in a dream, and have felt in the first moments of love a mysterious, indescribable charm more sweet, more heavenly, than love itself. How memory loves to recall the blissful moments spent with the loved one, when other eyes, "Divine thrones of expression," looked love into ours, and other hearts beat in response to our own. When beneath the blue vault of heaven, with the myriad stars looking down upon us, we heard the "old, old story," "Life without you would be a barren waste." Then our cup of bliss was full to overflowing; we basked in the sunshine of love's smiles; we revelled in the joy of each other's presence. No cloud obscured the horizon of life before us, and we were almost forced to exclaim, "We could live forever here." Many are blessed in the realization of their fondest hopes, and tread side by side down life's steep decline with the loved object of their choice, while many again have seen their brightest hopes fade one by one, their cup of bliss turned to sorrow, and the smiles and words of endearment they once fondly hoped their own bestowed upon another. At such moments in life the heart seems to sink under the weight of its sorrows and the bright star of hope that shone so brilliantly in life's early morn becomes obscured and dim. Then we are apt to recall Longfellow's words, but must differ with the poet when he tells us that "Affection never was wasted; if it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning back to their spring like rain in the summer, shall fill them full of refreshment." It is true that the affection which arises to God, like mists from the ocean, is not wasted, but human love flows out like a stream, and if thrown back on its source carries with it desolation and sorrow.—Would it not be well for many to remember that the love which is often eagerly sought after becomes worthless when obtained, and that "lightly won is frequently lightly lost," preserving thereby their hearts, best and truest affections for some one who will love them for themselves alone better than all in this world besides? Nowadays the extent of papa's bank account is carefully studied by that fair Adonis to whose happiness a corner lot with a wife thrown in has become essential, and whose whole earthly career may be represented in the tide of worthless and useless. Each spare moment is devoted to that fair being who is to become the medium between him and his bills of wines, cigars and washwomen. And the mathematical precision with which the evening hour of eight finds him (until after marriage) by her side is a matter for scientists to struggle with. Almost the same words are applicable to the match-making mammas so frequently found in our midst when sweet sixteen is led to the altar by old, shriveled Tenpercents, who has become a grinding, money-making machine, but who has remained untouched by any of those aspirations which tend to make life sublime, burlesquing the normal idea of man, and whether an object of pity or contempt is difficult to determine. How cruel it seems, to be obliged to strip love of its rose-tinted hues by disclosing the fact that Angelina and Augustus, who vowed themselves, as they expressed it, to be "made for each other," can not only live apart, but find other Angelinas and Augustuses just as fair, to whom the same vows of fidelity are made and the same tales of love poured into not unwilling ears. Yet such is the case, and has ever been since first the little blind god commenced to shoot his arrows, and doubtless will continue so until the end of time, exemplifying the fact that

"To love is a most painful thrill,
And not to love more painful still;
But, oh! it is the worst of pain
To love and not be loved again."

LITTLE FRAUD.

Loretto, Sep. 25th, 1878.

A NIAGARA FALLS STORY.—When Blondin came in 1859, he had his rope stretched about a mile below the falls, and even there it was 1,200 feet long. On both sides of the river enclosures were built around the rope, into which ticket-buyers were admitted, and where the acrobat had his dressing rooms. He was to start on the first occasion from the Canadian side, and within the enclosure there were a number of invited guests, among them Henry W. Faxon, then the local editor of the Buffalo *Republic*. Faxon was a wit of more than local renown, and Blondin had, for some reason, taken a great liking to him. While Faxon stood—laughing and jesting, as was his way—on the edge of the precipice overlooking the river 140 feet below, Blondin appeared a few feet behind. He was just about to attempt the most daring feat upon a tight rope that had ever been performed, and what took place will show his iron nerve and reckless temper. He saw that Faxon, gazing out across the river, was unconscious of his presence. Motioning to the bystanders for silence by pressing his fingers to his lips, he seized Faxon under both armpits and held him out for a second or two over the verge.—Faxon must have weighed 165 pounds. His countenance when Blondin laid hold of him was irradiated with mirth. When Blondin drew him back and dropped him on the green sward, he sank there in a heap, horror stricken by a shock from the effects of which his nervous system never fully recovered. In the next instant, Blondin, grasping his heavy balancing pole, danced out upon the rope beyond the fearful precipice, and, turning to enjoy the effect of his manœuvre, saluted his indignant friend with a gesture indescribably *outre*. He then continued his first walk across the Niagara chasm, experiencing not the least tremor or emotion.

TRUE as a dye—Indigo.

### CANINE SAGACITY.

DOG SUPPLYING FOOD TO A LOST CHILD.

One of the most striking instances on record of sagacity and personal attachment in the shepherd's dog occurred, about half a century ago, among the Grampian mountains. In one of his excursions to his distant flocks, a shepherd took with him one of his children. After traversing the hills for some time, attended by his dog, the shepherd found himself under the necessity of ascending a summit some distance, to have a more extensive view of his range. As the ascent was too fatigning for the child, he left him on a small plane at the bottom, with the strict injunction not to stir from it till his return. Scarcely, however, had he gained the summit, when the horizon was suddenly darkened by one of those impenetrable mists which frequently descend so rapidly among these mountains as, in the space of a few moments, almost to turn day into night. The anxious father hastened back to find his child, but, owing to the unusual darkness and his own trepidation, he unfortunately missed his way in the descent. After a fruitless search for many hours among the dangerous morasses and cataracts with which these mountains abound, he was at last overtaken by night. Still wandering on without knowing whither, he at length came to the verge of the mist, and, by the light of the moon, discovered that he had reached the bottom of the valley, and was within a short distance of his cottage. To renew the search that night was equally fruitless and dangerous. He was therefore obliged to return to his cottage, having lost both his child and dog, which had attended him faithfully for years. Next morning by daybreak the shepherd, accompanied by a band of his neighbors, set out in search of his child; but, after a day spent in fruitless fatigue, he was at last compelled by the approach of night to descend from the mountain. On returning to his cottage he found that the dog which he had lost the day before had been home, and, on receiving a piece of cake, had instantly started off again. For several successive days the shepherd renewed the search for his child, and still, on returning at evening disappointed to his cottage, he found that the dog had been home and, on receiving his usual allowance of cake, had instantly disappeared. Struck with this singular circumstance, he remained at home one day, and, when the dog as usual departed with his piece of cake, he resolved to follow him and find out the cause of his strange procedure. The dog led the way to a cataract at some distance from the spot where the shepherd had lost his child. The banks of the cataract almost joined at the top, yet, separated by an abyss of an immense depth, presented that appearance which so often astonishes and appals the travelers who frequent the Grampian mountains, and indicate that these stupendous chasms were not the silent work of time, but the sudden effect of some violent convulsion of the earth. Down one of these rugged and almost perpendicular descents the dog began, without hesitation, to make his way, and at last disappeared into a cave, the mouth of which was almost upon a level with the torrent. The shepherd with difficulty followed, but on entering the cave, what were his emotions when he beheld his child eating with much satisfaction the cake which the dog had just brought him, while the faithful animal stood by eyeing his young charge with the utmost complacency. From the situation in which the child was found, it appears that he had wandered to the brink of the precipice, and then either fallen or scrambled down till he reached the cave, which the dread of the torrent had afterward prevented him from quitting. The dog, by means of his scent, had traced him to the spot and afterward prevented him from starving by giving up to him his own daily allowance. He appeared never to have quitted the child by night or day, except when it was necessary to go for his food, and then he was always seen running at full speed to and from the cottage.—*Chicago Ledger.*

ODDS AND ENDS.—Eli Perkins gives an account of the conversation between a male and a female idiot. Eli does not mention the name of the woman he was talking to.—*Courier-Journal.*

When a dealer tells you the stiff, uncomfortable looking boots he wants to sell you are calfskin, remember that a full grown cow, or bull, is a calf's-kin.—*Boston Transcript.*

William Shakespeare is running for constable in a town in Michigan. Yet this is the man who said: "Fling away ambition; by that sin fell the angels."—*Chicago Times.*

In the make up of the modern small boy there is altogether too much whistle for the amount of boy. It's most too much like using a two quart funnel in a three ounce vial.—*Bridgeport Standard.*

"Are grapes healthy?" asks an exchange. As a fruit, opinions differ. Geo. Washington, Christopher Columbus, Noah, Napoleon the First, and Mary, Queen of Scots, ate grapes, and they are all dead now. Draw your own conclusions.—*Norristown Herald.*

The town of Albert Lea, Minnesota, has escaped all the hailstorms and tornadoes this summer, and it is far beyond the reach of the yellow fever; but last week it was visited by a young man who is learning to play the tuba. Up to date there is no abatement of the fearful scourge.—*Hawkeye.*

EXCELLENT INTEREST RULES.—Finding the interest on any principal for any number of days. The answer in each case being cents, separate the two right hand figures of the answer to express it in dollars and cents. "Four per cent."—Multiply the principal by the number of days to run; separate right hand figure from product and divide by 9. Five per cent.—Multiply by number of days and divide by 72. Six per cent.—Multiply by number of days and divide by 45. Eight per cent.—Multiply by number of days and divide by 45.—Eight per cent.—Multiply by number of days and divide by 45. Nine per cent.—Multiply by number of days; separate right hand figure, and divide by 6. Ten per cent.—Multiply by number of days and divide by 36. Twelve per cent.—Multiply by number of days; separate right hand figure and divide by 3. Fifteen per cent.—Multiply number of days and divide by 24. Eighteen per cent.—Multiply by number of days; separate right hand figure and divide by 2. Twenty per cent.—Multiply by number of days and divide by 5. Twenty four per cent.—Multiply by number of days and divide by 15.

### *Why are They Called Howards?*

So much has been said of late about the noble work being done by the Howard Association in connection with the terrible scourge now devastating the South, that we are sure our readers will be interested in perusing the following from the New Orleans *Morning Star* in regard to the origin of the name by which this Heaven-deserving Association is so well known:

It is for the benefit of our young readers that we propose, today, to answer the above question, confident that while only a few need any enlightenment upon the subject, all may be interested in the information thus conveyed.

John Howard was born in England in 1726 and died in 1790—not a hundred years ago, and yet his name is a watchword of comfort and a tower of help wherever there is sorrow to assuage or suffering to alleviate. It is said of this good man that in early youth he did not evince any remarkable brilliancy of intellect or ambition; but as an instance of that tender-heartedness which led him to devote his whole life to the welfare of his fellow-beings, it is recorded that at the age of twenty five he had a terrible attack of illness, and upon his recovery testified his gratitude to the woman who nursed him by marrying her, although she was thirty years his senior! If Mark Twain ever touches upon this fact in any of his future entertaining sketches, we are sure he will relate it in such a style as to make it irresistibly and irrevocably ridiculous; but to us it displays a self-denial and self-devotion both chivalric and heroic.

At the end of three years his wife died, and Howard, moved by the horrors of the earthquake at Lisbon, determined to visit the place with a view to visiting the sufferers. On the way he was captured by a French privateer, and being landed at Brest learned by experience all the privations and hardships of a prisoner's life. By his own personal exertions he obtained the exchange of himself and fellow captives, and returning to England, married a second time in 1758.

And now began that career of active philanthropy which has endeared his name to all Christendom, and which is so appropriately used to-day by the generous men who are following his example and walking in his footsteps.

We need not recapitulate all the good deeds done by Howard in his lifetime, principal among which were his visits to the prisons of England, France, Germany, Holland and Belgium; but they are all summed up in these words of Edmund Burke, who said that the object of his life was "to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infections of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain, to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression and contempt, to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken and to ameliorate the distresses of all men in all countries."

In order to bring help to persons sick of pestilence, this heroic man took passage at Smyrna in a fever-tainted ship, and was rigorously quarantined at Venice, where a long confinement enabled him to test the sufferings of the sick and the inhumanity of the authorities of that place.

His last determination was to visit the East, so as to acquire further information concerning the treatment of malignant diseases; but while passing through Russia, he contracted camp fever from a poor patient whom he was nursing, and died there, on the shores of the Black Sea, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, 1790.

This very imperfect sketch will now show our young readers why the brave men who are battling against poverty, pestilence and death in our afflicted city are well entitled to the noble name of Howard and how its appropriation bestows just and continued fame upon the great English philanthropist, while it reflects equal credit and honor upon their own devoted zeal and heroic undertakings.

As the darkest nights are those on which the stars shine brightest, so in the gloom of this terrible epidemic deeds of mercy shine most resplendent, until our hearts swell with gratitude to God for all His goodness, and with admiration for our fellow men who, by their sublime acts of zeal and charity are glorifying God, ennobling humanity and meriting blessings for themselves and for the world at large. All honor to the Howards!

A WOMAN'S FEAR OF THE PHONOGRAPH.—A Nob Hill man retired early, weary with the heat and tired out from a protracted siege of pedro, and valuly endeavored to woo the drowsy god, sustained and soothed by the uninterrupted flow of small talk from his wakeful spouse. Her conversation was not exactly in the line of a curtain lecture, as she was not in an inharmonious mood, but was rather seeking information on the world's work. Her last question to her nodding lord was in reference to Edison and his inventions.

"How about the phonograph, dear?" she queried; "you never have explained it to me. How does it work?"

He mused himself and answered:

"It's a little machine that the husband leaves on the table while he is down town, and on his return he turns a crank, and it informs him of everything that has been said on the premises during his absence."

She meditated for a moment, then reached her back and broke out:

"The fool men are always getting up some pesky invention, and if you bring one of those things into this house I'll leave."

He promised not to if she would let him go to sleep, and a great silence fell on the room. But she is now firm in the belief that Edison is a monster and an enemy to poor, weak women.

THE TOILET HABITS OF ANTS.—Rev. H. C. McCook, of Philadelphia, eulogizes the neatness of the agricultural ant, as observed in confinement. The most minute particles of dirt are carefully removed, and the whole body is frequently and thoroughly cleansed, especially after eating and sleeping. They assist each other in the general cleansing, and the attitude of the ant under operation is one of intense satisfaction. Mr. McCook has seen an ant kneel down before another and thrust forward the head under the face of the other, and lie motionless, expressing quite plainly the desire to be cleaned; the other ant understood this and went to work. Sometimes this is combined with acrobatic feats, in which the ants excel, jumping about and clinging to blades of grass in a remarkable fashion. Sometimes the cleaning ant hangs downward from the grass, and to her the ant operated upon clings, reaching over and up with great agility, to submit to her friend's offices. Evidently moisture from the mouth is used for washing.

AN Indiana girl says she finds nothing so good for the complexion as rubbing bacon on a young man's vest. The young man must be inside of it, though.

# THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - - - OCT. 4, 1878.


### *Democratic State Ticket.*

FOR GOVERNOR,
ANDREW H. DILL, of Union County.
FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,
JOHN FERTIG, of Crawford County.
FOR SUPREME JUDGE,
HENRY P. ROSS, of Montgomery County.
SECRETARY INTERNAL AFFAIRS,
J. SIMPSON AFRICA, of Huntingdon.

### *Democratic District Ticket.*

FOR CONGRESS,
Gen. A. H. COFFROTH, of Somerset.

### *Democratic County Ticket.*

ASSEMBLY,
L. D. WOODRUFF, Conemaugh Borough;
JOHN FENLON, Ebensburg.
REGISTER AND RECORDER,
JOHN G. LAKE, Ebensburg.
TREASURER,
DR. A. YEAGLEY, Johnstown.
COMMISSIONERS,
JOHN CAMPBELL, Conemaugh Borough;
GEORGE GURLEY, Ebensburg.
POOR DIRECTOR,
JESSE PATTERSON, Johnstown.
SURVEYOR,
HENRY SCANLAN, Carrolltown.
AUDITORS,
PHILIP. D. SKELLY, Portage Twp.;
PATRICK DILLON, Elder Twp.

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IN the Sheriff's election proclamation will be found an act of Assembly, passed last winter, for the taxation of dogs and the protection of sheep. Every voter should read the act, as it will be submitted to the people for their approval, or rejection, at the approaching election.

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WE direct the attention of our readers to that portion of the speech of Hon. A. H. Dill, delivered at Greensburg last week and published elsewhere, in which he discusses the money question. Mr. Dill speaks so plainly and so directly to the subject, that no one can have the least difficulty in comprehending the sound and practical views he enforces.

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THE New York *World* makes a "special off r" in its prospectus published elsewhere in our paper, to furnish the *Weekly World*, an eight-page paper, from now until January 1, 1879, (*three months*), for *ten cents*, postage prepaid. The same edition of the paper will be sent for *one year* for *one dollar*, or for six months for *fifty cents*, with the postage prepaid. Most persons will be surprised at these remarkably low offers, but as the *World* never proposes to do anything that it does not perform, it will make its offer good to any and all persons who comply with its terms. Read the prospectus, and accept our pledge that for *ten, one hundred*, or *fifty cents*, you can read the neatest, most dignified, and in every respect the most interesting Democratic paper published in the United States.

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MISSOURI has her Harry White just the same as Pennsylvania. His name is John T. Crisp, and he too is running for Congress. As White's soul yearns for the Conemaugh and the Kiskiminetas, so Crisp's heart bleeds for the Missouri, and he says to the voters of his district: "Elect me to Congress and I will make a channel in that mighty stream twenty feet deep from the Yellowstone to the mouth, and when it is done I will turn my eyes to heaven and say: 'Look at it. What God intended that great river to be, I, Crisp, have made it.'" And White says to his constituents: "Elect me to Congress and I will slackwater the Kiskiminetas and the Conemaugh from the month of the one to the headwaters of the other, and when it is done I will turn my eyes to heaven and say: 'Look at it! What God intended these two little streams to be, I, White, have made them.'"

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ON Tuesday next the election in Ohio, Indiana and Iowa will take place. Congressmen will be elected in each State, while in the two latter States members of the Legislature will also be elected. As the Greenback party is in the contest fully equipped with its candidates, we will not attempt to express an opinion as to the results. At best it would only be a mere *guess*. Whatever may be the complexion of the Legislature in Indiana, it is admitted that Daniel W. Voorhees has made the most brilliant campaign ever known in that State, and that as a stump speaker he stands unrivalled in the great West, which has produced so many well known men of that type. He has labored both night and day—has addressed over seventy-five mass meetings, as well as numerous township meetings in close counties—and if he does not win success, he has shown that he eminently deserves it. The race, however, is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.

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THE venomous assaults of the Johnstown *Tribune* in its weekly edition upon Gen. Coffroth are growing small by degrees and beautifully less. It commenced three weeks ago with a broadside of almost *eighteen* columns but was only able last Friday to furnish an installment of *three*. If its editor perseveres in repeating his charges, it may be that eventually he will believe in them himself, for some men are so peculiarly constituted as to esteem a lie well stuck to as good as the truth. How many votes the *Tribune* will succeed in making for Coffroth is a question which the Republicans in this section of the county are just now anxiously discussing. It certainly will not drive any votes away from him, for as an old and knowing negro in Greenville, South Carolina, said to a young colored brother who was denouncing Wade Hampton when he visited that place three weeks ago: "Young man, stop—a dimmycratic candidate is jist like *bar* meat—the more you *chaw* it, *the bigger it swells*." After Coffroth is elected the *Tribune* man will be amazed at the size of piece of Somerset "*bar meat*" which for the past two months he has been trying to masticate.

### *Lilly's Lie Nailed and Clinched.*

Two years ago last March, William Lilly, of Washington, was examined as a witness before the House Judiciary Committee, then investigating a charge against Charles Hayes, a member from Alabama, of having received several hundred dollars for appointing a young man named Beardsley, from New York, to a Cadetship at West Point. One of Lilly's specialities was that of buying Cadetships from members of the House, and he was to swear the charge against Hayes through before the committee. In the course of his testimony he stated that about twelve years before that he had paid A. H. Coffroth, then a member, *six eight* or *nine* hundred dollars to appoint a young man to the Naval Academy at Annapolis; that he had received $1,200 from the young man's friends with which to purchase the appointment; that he never saw the young man; that he could not tell his name, but that he resided in New York, or in its vicinity. The editor of the Johnstown *Tribune* rolled this story of Lilly's under his tongue as a sweet morsel, and scattered several thousand copies of his paper containing it throughout this Congressional district, in order to injure Gen. Coffroth and defeat his election. The name of the naval cadet appointed by Gen. Coffroth was Edward J. Berwind, who then resided at Saxton, in Bedford county, and a gentleman named John Fulton, then also living in Saxton, but now a resident of Johnstown, gave him (Berwind) a letter of introduction to Gen. Coffroth, urging his appointment, and it was made. We now ask any honest man to turn to another part of our paper and read the letters from Edward J. Berwind and his brother, Charles F. Berwind, to Mr. Fulton, in reference to this matter, and then tell us what they think of Lilly and his sponsor, the Johnstown *Tribune*. We knew and said it was a lie at the very outset, and both the Berwinds show that it is without a shadow of foundation. And thus has this balloon of Lilly's, inflated with perjury, when pricked with the pin of truth, collapsed and fallen flat to the earth. Of course we do not expect that the *Tribune* will retract the libel, its editor not being a man of that kind, but look for him to reaffirm it as it suits him from now until the election. He delights in such low arts, and in the work of defaming a political opponent knows no such word as fail. But it is now harmless for mischief, and having, like spurious coin, been nailed to the counter, there it will remain.

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F. P. DEWEES, Chairman of the Greenback State Committee, and Francis W. Hughes, the Gamaliel of the Greenback party in this State, both reside in Pottsville, and both of them having traveled extensively over the State since the commencement of the present campaign, ought to be able, from what they have seen and heard, to form a reasonably intelligent opinion of the relative strength of the three candidates for Governor—Dill, Hoyt and Mason. They are as wide apart, however, as the north and south poles. When Dewees returns from the interior of the State to the Girard House, in Philadelphia, he does not hesitate to say that the contest is between Dill and Mason, and that Hoyt is practically out of the race. On the very same day, Mr. Hughes makes the statement to a newspaper reporter in the oil region, that either Hoyt or Mason will be elected, and that Dill will be distanced, coming out the hindmost of the three.—We have here a very remarkable difference of opinion between two Greenback leaders, whose opportunities for obtaining reliable information have been precisely the same, and the conclusion is irresistible that the estimate of neither of them is worth a row of pins. No two intelligent Democrats, nor any two intelligent Republicans in the State, would express opinions so directly in conflict with each other. Last year, Dewees, who was then as now the official head of his party, predicted a Greenback vote in Philadelphia of at least thirty thousand, whereas it was only a little over *five* thousand, while Hughes claimed one hundred and fifty thousand in the State, and only got one-third of it. As prophets they labor under the same disability that Cassandra did at the siege of Troy.

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THE delegates to the Democratic State Convention of Massachusetts who refused to take part in Ben Butler's political circus at Worcester, met at Faneuil Hall, in Boston, on last Wednesday week, and nominated a full State ticket, headed by Judge Abbott for Governor. They have thus asserted their own integrity and maintained the regular organization of their party, which is far more important and infinitely more honorable than any temporary success they might have achieved under the leadership of a political buccaneer like Butler. We are fully prepared for the development of some rich and rare results in several States at the November election, but we will not conclude that the end of all earthly things is about to happen, even if in the boiling of the political cauldron the hero of Fort Fisher should float to the surface as the next Governor of the old Bay State. He seems just now to have under his control some of the most powerful elements of success, and that it *is* so is one of the greatest wonders of the day. We are aware that the political sins of the people of Massachusetts have been great, and it may be that in obedience to the mysterious ways of Providence they can only be sufficiently atoned for by a visitation of Butlerism in its worst and most aggravated form.

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—A woman of South Bend, Ind., who by hard work and economy had become independent, had a daughter that was slowly dying of consumption. As her mother would not even give her child the necessaries of life, the invalid requested the authorities to admit her to the poor-house. While she was there the mother learned that her child's expenses would be assessed upon her property, and so sent to have her brought home in a wheelbarrow. Strangers interfered and hired a carriage, but when the poor girl died it was with great difficulty that her miser-mother could be induced to bury her decently.

## Another Lie Nailed.

### General Coffroth Vindicated and the Liars Exposed!

### *The Cadetship Story Contradicted by the Cadet and his Brother!*

The following false and malicious charge was made against General Coffroth by the Johnstown *Tribune* (General Campbell's organ) in its issue of September 13th:

Prominent among the disreputable acts of the Democratic nominee for Congress, stands the Naval Cadetship sale. We do not originate this charge, nor do we allude to it simply as a charge, but we go further and name it as a fact, substantiated by sworn testimony elicited in the course of a Congaessional investigation, conducted under the auspices of the XLIVth Congress—a Democratic Congress. The history of this case is as follows: William Lilly, a Democratic attorney-at-law, then as now a resident of Washington City, purchased of Alexander H. Coffroth, while the latter was a member of Congress, the nomination to a Naval Cadetship for a young man named BERWIND, who professed to be a resident of Saxton, Bedford county, in Mr. Coffroth's Congressional district. For this service Mr. Lilly received $1,200 from Mr. BERWIND'S friends or relatives, which he agreed to divide with Mr. Coffroth. When he proceeded to pay Mr. Coffroth the $600 due to him, Mr. Coffroth borrowed $200 or $300 of Mr. Lilly's share *and never repaid him the amount so borrowed*, thus realizing $800 or $900 for his services by a piece of sharp practice. This occurred during the years of 1864 to 1866, and the facts in the case, though often suspected, were not really made public until an investigation in 1876 accidentally revealed the iniquitous transaction.

The following letters, which came into Gen. Coffroth's possession on Friday last, show how utterly false and malicious the above infamous attack of the *Tribune* is:

JOHNSTOWN, PA., Sept. 26, 1878.

Hon. A. H. COFFROTH, Somerset, Pa.:

*Dear Sir*—I enclose letters from the Messrs. Berwind bearing on the charges made in the Johnstown *Weekly Tribune* of the 13th inst.

I have made inquiries from a sense of duty, as I was mainly instrumental in sending Mr. E. J. Berwind to you for his appointment.

The letters are full and emphatic in the total annihilation of the Lilly assertions.

From a long acquaintance with these gentlemen, I beg to assure you that you can place the fullest confidence in them. What they have stated in these letters will be, if necessary, supplemented in any legal shape that may be demanded. They are high-toned, moral gentlemen. Very respectfully, JOHN FULTON.

JOHNSTOWN, PA., Sept. 20, 1878.

E. J. BERWIND, Esq.:

*Dear Sir*—I enclose you a copy of the Johnstown *Weekly Tribune*. In it you will see some very serious charges made against Hon. A. H. Coffroth on account of your appointment to the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

As I gave you a letter of introduction to Gen. Coffroth, I am drawn slightly into this political storm circle.

I write you, therefore, to inquire if these charges are true or untrue. Did your parents reside in New York State? Did you pay or cause to be paid to Gen. Coffroth $1,200 for your appointment? Did you or your agents, by William Lilly, pay for your appointment in cash, or in any other way?

Please look at Lilly's sworn statement and let me know the truth or falsity of it. I feel that we should vindicate Gen. Coffroth if innocent in this matter.

Very truly, JOHN FULTON.

42 WEST 20TH ST., NEW YORK, }
Sept. 21, 1878. }

*Sir*—My attention having been called to a copy of the Johnstown *Weekly Tribune* of Sept. 13th, which contains, among others, the charge that money was paid to Hon. A. H. Coffroth, Representative in the 30th District, Pennsylvania District in the Congress of the United States, for my nomination as a Cadet to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, in 1865, I beg to say, as an act of simple justice and right, that such charge is utterly groundless. The circumstances connected with my appointment were as follows:

When my nomination to the Cadetship was made I resided at Saxton, Bedford county, at and in the immediate vicinity of which place my home had been for a period of two years and several months; parents at then resided and still reside in Philadelphia, never having been residents of any other State than Pennsylvania.

I made the application of my own volition, without the knowledge of my parents or relatives.

My first application was for an appointment at large from President Lincoln, and was endorsed by Senator Cowan, Col. John W. Forney, Congressman Hale, and others. President Lincoln received me very kindly, but stated that at the time he feared he could not give me an appointment. At that time a vacancy existed in the district in which I lived. I changed my application to the representative of the district, being in this endorsed by Mr. John Fulton, Civil and Mining Engineer of the Huntingdon and Broad Top Railroad Company, resident at Saxton, and by other citizens of said vicinity. I passed through the regular course at the Academy, graduated in 1869, served nine years in the navy, and was retired in 1875 for injuries received in the performance of duty at sea. During all this service, covering thirteen years, I never heard any charge of irregularity made or intimated against my nomination and appointment.

I made no promise of money or any other compensation for securing my nomination; never in my life paid any one for such nomination, and never heard of money being paid or promised by my relatives or friends, or expected by those who had aided me in any way to secure the position. To the best of my knowledge, I never saw Mr. Lilly, upon whose evidence the charges against Mr. Coffroth is based, and certainly never had any communication with him, personal or otherwise, in reference to my nomination. My immediate relatives, as I have said, being ignorant of my application, could not of course have aided me in any way, much less in the manner detailed by Lilly. In brief, I pronounce the charge, in essential and in detail, entirely false. With esteem,

Your ob't servant,
EDWARD J. BERWIND, U. S. Navy.

To JOHN FULTON, Esq., Johnstown, Pa.

JOHNSTOWN, PA., Sept. 16, 1878.

CHAS. BERWIND, Esq., 104 Walnut St., Philad'a:

*Dear Sir*—When your brother, Mr. E. J. Berwind, resided in Saxton, I gave him a letter to Gen. Coffroth, then member of Congress from that district. As you know, your brother was appointed as a Cadet to the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Gen. Coffroth has recently been nominated for Congress, and a charge is brought against him of receiving direct, or by an agent, $1,200 for the appointment of your brother. I send you a copy of the Johnstown *Tribune* in which these charges are made.

What do you know about them? Is there any truth in them? Please give me your brother's address in New York city, as I want to hear from him. Very truly, JOHN FULTON.

104 WALNUT ST., PHILAD'A, Sept. 17, 1878.

JNO. FULTON, Esq., Johnstown, Pa.:

*Dear Sir*—Your favor of the 16th, with an issue of the Johnstown *Tribune* of the 13th, were duly received. I am astonished at the statements of Mr. Wm. Lilly regarding the appointment of my brother by Mr. Coffroth to the Naval Academy.

They are untrue from the beginning to the end—manufactured out of the whole cloth—and as the editor's comments are based on this man's testimony, not on facts, they also are not reliable.

To leave no misunderstanding, I would respectfully state that no money or other consideration was ever paid to Mr. Coffroth, directly or indirectly, or to any other person, for my brother's appointment to the Academy. Mr. Lilly states what he knows to be untrue when he testifies that $1,200 was paid to him by my relatives or anybody else for his appointment.

I beg also to endorse your letter concerning my brother's residence in Bedford county; but I must again contradict Mr. Lilly's statement that my brother LIVED *in New York or vicinity at any time prior to the appointment.*

I doubt whether the young man has ever seen New York before he went to Annapolis. He was born and raised in this State. The editor's remarks that the boy's parents live in the State of New York are also incorrect. Neither of his parents, to my certain knowledge, ever lived there, or ever remained there twenty-four hours at time.

You are at liberty to use this letter as you please, every word of which can be corroborated and proven if necessary to vindicate Mr. Coffroth, as well as my family, in the matter of the appointment referred to.

Yours truly, CHAS. F. BERWIND.

NEW YORK, Sept. 21, 1878.

*Dear Sir*—You may fancy that I was astounded at the infamous statement in regard to my naval appointment some thirteen years since, made in the journal sent by you and to which you so kindly called my attention.

I enclose herewith a brief refutal of the entire charges, which please have published over my signature.

Exclusive of the severe reflections upon myself and upon my relatives, it is but due Gen. Coffroth, to whom I feel under such deep obligations, that these infamous lies should be emphatically and specifically contradicted.

I wish that you would, upon the first opportunity, express to Mr. Coffroth my sincere regret that his kindness to me should have been the origin of such a tissue of falsehoods, designed for no other purpose than his injury.

Please send me a copy of the journal in which my letter may be published. With esteem.

Very sincerely, E. J. BERWIND.

To JOHN FULTON, Johnstown.

### *Dill on the Currency.*

HONEST MONEY AND PLENTY OF IT—BUSINESS TO REGULATE THE VOLUME OF CURRENCY—BANKING TO BE SIMPLIFIED AND FREE—EVILS OF ENFORCED RESUMPTION—ARRAIGNMENT OF REPUBLICANISM.

At Greensburg, Wednesday evening of last week, Senator Dill spoke to a large and enthusiastic audience on the financial issue, and discussed it with a degree of ability and candor that commanded the hearty approval of his friends. His bold declaration in favor of the honest payment of all debts, public and private; his denunciation of repudiation in every form, even under color of law, and his masterly defense of the constitutional standard of money as the only rock of safety for government and people, elicited the most enthusiastic responses from his hearers; and his protest against the arbitrary regulation of the volume of currency by Presidents or Cabinet officers or by the capricious views of Congress was received with universal favor. His review of the resumption policy of Secretary Sherman gave the clearest comprehension of the question to all, and when he exposed the needless enlargement of the debt and the contraction of currency to compel resumption, when the whole business energies of the country are prostrated, he startled his audience with the conclusiveness of his reasoning on the subject. The speech throughout was listened to with the most profound interest, and did more to settle the views of this community on the money question than anything that has been presented to them. The following is an abstract of the financial part of his speech:

He had no glittering and flexible platitudes to offer about honest money and the honest payments of private debts and the honest maintenance of the national faith—platitudes which could be as plausibly interpreted alike to the hard money and the soft money voters. The solvent citizen, or the government, he said, that does not pay debts, according to the terms of the contract, must be dishonest and no technical pleading, no cunning sophistry, can even excuse, much less justify it. The credit of the government is its very life, and he who would destroy it by repudiation, however indirect, is as much its foe as he who levies war against it; and the private citizen, who has the ability to pay, can in no way within the lines of integrity repudiate his debts or any part of them, even if it were possible to do it under color of law.

Ours is a government of law, and justice and equity are the leading attributes of our laws. The constitution, to which the Democracy has ever bowed with reverence, has fixed gold and silver as the standard money of the Union, and it is in accord with the accepted theory of the civilized governments of the world. From that standard there can be no departure without violence to law and destruction to public faith and public and private prosperity; but the standard money never has been and never will be the chief circulating medium of a country so varied in its pursuits as is ours. Paper currency is indispensable in all countries, and more indispensable here than in any other nation because of the greater individual energy and thrift of our people. In no other nationality do the people so generally possess and so freely use money in their ordinary ways of life as in the United States, and in no other nationality is wealth so widely diffused and so fickle in its smiles as here, where intelligence is limited to no class and the chief fortune are open to all. A larger volume of money in proportion to population is, therefore, needed in this country more than in any other, and it should be limited solely by the wants of legitimate business, and not by the arbitrary decree of a president or a secretary of the treasury or by the ebbs and flows of political tides in Congress. All such regulations of the volume of currency stamp uncertainty upon our financial policy and paralyze industry by ceaseless distrust. We have seen a president arbitrarily and lawlessly direct the issue of military currency when financial panic threatened the defeat of the party that happened to rule at the time; and when one executive can do so without accountability, what may not a future president or minister of the treasury do to promote or hinder the prosperity of the nation as cupidity or ambition may dictate?

In my judgment there is but one sound rule by which to regulate the currency of the country. It is to maintain it as equal in value with gold and silver, the constitutional standard of money; to adjust the amount and the several channels through which it can reach legitimate trade, and limit it solely by the legitimate demands of the business interests of the country. Irredeemable paper is a lie upon its face, for all money contains on its face the promise to pay, and it is as poison to healthy industry; but redeemable currency, maintained at equal value with the constitutional standard of the nation should be accessible in such volume as the varying wants of trade require. The volume of currency should be beyond the control of speculators and such as banking facilities expressed all values in a day by locking up money, and beyond the power of partisan officials to employ it as a factor in political campaigns, at the cost of the stability and trust of business.

There are times in the history of all nations which sorely try the people and severely test fixed laws of public safety, and such calamitous tides are readily seized upon by the reckless and the corrupt to inaugurate a reign of license in place of the reign of law; but, however exhaustively the extreme powers of governments must be employed in such emergency, as the foundation of order and prosperity, the sanctity of ordained authority cannot be surrendered without teaching universal contempt of law. The suspension of specie payments has become a supreme necessity at one period or another in the history of every nation, and the laws and the people have adjusted themselves to it until the restoration of prosperous industry and healthy trade restored resumption just as a body prostrated by disease is restored by patiently aiding nature to effect a cure. England suspended specie payments for nearly a quarter of a century to recover from the exhaustion of her war for the overthrow of Napoleon. There were Secretary Shermans in those days also, who believed that they could, by a resumption law, hasten and enforce resumption; but they had to recede from their own folly, repeal their own statutes, and finally when they did force resumption but a little in advance of its attainment by the natural laws of trade, they gave England her bitterest cup of misfortune. There, as here, resumption was embarrassed and delayed by the efforts of ambitious leaders to win the laurels of specie payments, and there, as here, the increased distress of the people was the result. We have in obedience to supreme necessity, suspended specie payments and accepted irredeemable paper for sixteen years as the price of saving the Union from dismemberment. In the meantime the legal tender currency of the government has been affirmed by the highest judicial tribunal of the republic, and to its interpretation of the law all must bow. The necessities of war gave us the national greenback currency; it now commands the unqualified favor of the people and its validity is no longer within the bounds of dispute. It is confessedly the best currency the nation and the states have ever had, and it is now one of the ineffaceable features of our financial system.

When war ceased, leaving us with a large volume of irredeemable currency among the people, it became the duty of the government to do as England did—bring about resumption by the natural laws of trade, and await its coming in such manner as would bring no needless shock to business or disturbance in the channels of industry. With the boundless resources of the country, with the exceptional energy of our people, with the most fruitful crops from year to year, with every element necessary to bring about resumption without serious depression of business, we have had the most sweeping embarrassment and bankruptcy as the logical fruits of financial tinkers and political brokers who speculated on the woes of the people. Enforced contraction of the currency and now enforced resumption have made broken fortunes, widespread idleness in place of requited labor, terrible want in the midst of plenty and given the country the deepest curse is the growth of despair. These evils, which now afflict the nation more profoundly than even war itself, are not the offspring of necessity. If they were the legitimate price of the preservation of our free institutions they could be endured; but they are the causeless sorrows which come from abused authority and from the most profligate administration of municipal, state and national government the country has ever witnessed. To enforce the contraction of the currency was needless. It served no good purpose; made the national faith no better; gave no more healthy impetus to trade. To enfore resumption in advance of its natural coming through revived industry and general prosperity, was madness—worse, it was suicidal. In city, village and valley; in all sections, all classes and all pursuits, the fearful monuments of this national suicide are visible to all. Here in the mountains it is felt as keenly as in the marts of commerce, and wherever the hum of industry should be heard, and wherever the sails of commerce should be spread, there may be seen the calm of death that has settled on our once prosperous people. And who must answer for this suffering and prostration of a great nation? Republican misrule is unquestionably its author, and Democratic rule is the only means for its correction.

The Republican financial policy holds the word of promise to the ear only to break it to the hope. We are told that money is abundant. So it is—where it is not needed. We are told that banking is free to all. So it is—to those who are willing to lose by banking. Money is a drug in the great money centres. Millions can there be borrowed at low interest on government bonds—the securities held only by those who have no need to borrow; but your farms, your stock of goods, your forests of boundless wealth, your individual energy and integrity, none of these are foundations of credit, and you can borrow only from the usurer, and your values are steadily shrinking because of the universal distrust that prevails in all channels of enterprise. We are told that contraction has not been the policy of the present administration. The statement is false. It is not only false as to the record, but the record is essentially false as it is presented to the public. On the 1st of January, 1875, the paper currency of the country was $382,591,165; on the 1st of June, 1878, it was officially given at $687,300,097—a contraction of $95,291,68; but the contraction that is now in progress is not visible in the official statements of the treasury. Mr. Sherman is determined to resume specie payments, whether the country is ready for it or not. The debtor must pay whether he is solvent or insolvent, and the resumption policy of the Republican party is the great source of the idleness and prostration that prevails in business circles to-day. While we are regaled with treasury bulletins, telling of the refunding of the debt and of the strong condition of the treasury, it is not told that Mr. Hayes and Secretary Sherman have increased the funded debt $120,972,970 since they came into power, and the annual interest paid to-day, notwithstanding the reduced issue exhibits an annual increase of $1,516,918 over the annual interest paid when the present Republican administration ushered itself with fraud and forced its way into power in defiance of the solemn verdict of the nation. These are the figures from the record, and I challenge contradiction. Mr. Hayes found the debt $1,097,697,530 when he came into office; to-day it is $1,818,670,500. I do charge that this money has been profligately wasted and that the increased exhibits the excess of government expenditures over receipts; but I do charge that the debt has been needlessly increased; that the money received for the new bonds and applicable to the redemption of the old bonds, is locked up in the treasury, withdrawn from the channels of business, to enable Secretary Sherman to force resumption in January next, regardless of the bankruptcy he gives to the producing classes or the cost to the taxpayers. It is simply multiplying the already intolerable sufferings of the people to enable a political trimmer to win the empty bauble of resumption by a forced policy that deals destruction on every side. When resumption can come as the gift of a prosperous people by natural laws and the logic of requited industry, it can come as a national blessing; but until it can so come they who attempt to enforce it must be hopeless incompetents or the deliberate authors of wanton distress and ruin to the country.

I regard the remedies for these long continued Republican wrongs as simple and certain. We must find some means to revive our industries and restore general prosperity to the country, and then resumption will come itself and come to stay. Until then, it cannot come but with fresh evils in its train. No law can force it, unless Mr. Sherman's fatal policy be sustained, by which the treasury can gather in all the money by increased loans, and then keep it in the treasury vaults, so that no further redemption shall be necessary. The government can thus resume and the industries of the nation perish as the price of resumption. Banking must be made free in fact as it is now only in name. Our present national banking system offers an illimitable volume of currency, but it practically forbids the increase of money by the onerous exactions imposed on banks. The banks now pay some $18,000,000 of taxes, national, state and municipal, and nearly $5,000,000 a year in national taxes alone, all of which the borrower must pay in addition to the value of loans, and the only channel by which money can reach the people is the costly and complicated that borrowers outside of the great money centres find no money to lend, and capitalists decline to invest in national banks. Our banking should be free from all such burdens. Except what the country pays; it should be relieved of its cumbrous complications which make dead capital and expensive machinery, and it then should be inexorably limited to a just rate of interest. The government should furnish a uniform currency for the nation, issue it only for the direct uses, and every dollar issued to banks for circulation should suspend interest on a dollar of the national debt. This would be simple justice—more, it would be statesmanship, and it would be common sense. Under such a system, no shock would come to the business of the country, and to any class; banking would be free in fact; the currency would regulate itself by the variable necessities of trade; and the channels for reaching legitimate business with government money would be cheapened and extended into every country of industry where capital could be safely employed.

We want the increase of the national debt and the contraction of the currency for the purpose of enforced resumption, to stop; we want the onerous taxes now imposed upon the people to cease, which the people can obtain money, to be repealed, and banking to be free; we want a uniform currency issued by the government and to be redeemed by the government; we want the volume of money to be controlled solely by the wants of the legitimate business of the country; we want the government to cease discrediting its own money by refusing it for debts due to the government, and we want retrenchment and economy in every department of authority, municipal, state and national. These are the reforms for which we look to bring about returned prosperity, and restored prosperity means resumption that will last. These views I regard as a just interpretation of the deliverance of the Pittsburgh convention on the financial issue.

### *Return of Brazilian Pioneers.*

ENCOURAGING ACCOUNTS FROM THE MADEIRA AND MAMORE RAILROAD.

Among the arrivals at the Washington Hotel on Saturday last, says the Philadelphia *Record*, are the names of J. Howard Hiestand, Harry B. Kinport, J. B. Brown, Eli Slifer, Jr., and R. B. Evans, who have just returned from San Antonio, Brazil, where they have been engaged since February last in the construction of the Madeira and Mamore Railroad.

These gentlemen left San Antonio on the 31st day of August, on the tug Brazil proceeding to Para, where they re-embarked on the City of Para, and arrived in New York on Friday last, making the entire trip in twenty eight days. They report the enterprise of the Messrs. Collins as being at the present time in a flourishing condition. For some time past the work of constructing has been somewhat impeded through the inability of the men to endure the climate, aggravated by a want of proper kind of food to subsist on. Recently five hundred natives, have been engaged as laborers on the road, and these, with the men who have become acclimated, form as large a force as is required. In the supply of materials there is no lack.

Referring to the complaints that have been published through private and public sources of the hardships to which the men have been exposed, these gentlemen say that there has been no needless suffering among them. That the men have had hardships to endure they say is not to be denied, but they have been only such as might have been expected on going into a torrid country, unused to the climate and shut out from all civilization. Everybody was inexperienced and as ignorant of the proper articles of diet as they were of the language of the natives, and as a consequence a large share of the sickness has been attributable to a want of proper kind of diet.

Canned fruits, vegetables and meats are now being sent out in large quantities and regularly distributed among the men. There are some, they say, who will never be able to endure the climate and these are coming back to the States.

About ten miles of the road have been graded and three miles of this distance are now completed. The engineer corps have surveyed about seventy miles of the road and are pushing rapidly forward. These gentlemen speak confidently of the completion of the road at the expiration of three years from the date of the contract and say that the most difficult part of the work has been completed.

The completion of the road will open up a valuable trade with Bolivia, particularly in the article of india rubber. Even now this product of the country is brought in paddle boats down the Mamore river to the Madeira, thence down the latter until they reach the first falls, when it becomes necessary to unload the boats and haul both the boats and their contents overland around the falls, then launch their barks again and paddle down the river until the next falls are reached, when the work is again repeated, and so on until ten falls are thus passed, the last one bringing them to the Falls of St. Antonio, where the natives are met by traders from Para.

Yankee enterprise is not alone represented by the Messrs. Collins in South America. Already the invincible and ubiquitious sewing machine agent has found his way into this far off country, and, according to the statement of these gentlemen, in eight shanties out of ten along the coast of the Madeira and Amazon rivers there stands a sewing machine as a monument to the industry and intrepidity of the Yankee sewing machine agent.

### *News and Other Notings.*

—A family of seven persons at Wilmington, O., ate last year 1,165 pies.

—Four men now living at Castleton, Vt., have had between them twenty wives.

—An eighty-year-old woman at Sharon, Vt., is suffering from her second attack of whooping cough.

—The widow of Daniel Webster, now quite aged and in feeble health, is living at New Rochelle, N. Y.

—An Episcopal minister, aged 149 years, is said to have been discovered in Baltimore. His preaching days are pretty much over.

—A woman in Herkimer county, Mo., recently set foot upon a snake, and her glossy black hair turned white in a few hours.

—Generals McClellan, Hancock and Buell will attend the reunion of the Army of the Tennessee at Indianapolis next month.

—Twenty-five ministers, including twelve Catholic priests, have died in the cities of the Southwest since the beginning of the yellow fever epidemic.

—At Jamaica, Vt., a town with an almost exclusively American population, there are 112 families that never attend church, and 14 that have no Bible.

—Christopher Mann, of Independence, Mo., has just celebrated his 105th birthday. He has a son only eight years old, and is the father of twenty eight children.

—General James Shields, who is recovering from a severe illness, will take the stump for the democratic ticket in Indiana and Ohio before the close of the campaign.

—John Sherman's brother-in-law says that Honest John is tired of the public service. Well, as the public service is tired of Honest John, there ought to be a fair basis for an arrangement.

—The wonderful vitality of Loman Griffin, who has lately died in Lodi, O., aged 105, was shown by the fact that he breathed several days after his limbs were lifeless, although he had not eaten for a week.

—Hon. Henry M. Payne, of Cleveland, says the Democrats will carry Ohio by 20,000 majority and that they will elect thirteen and probably fourteen Congressmen. A Payne-ful picture for radical contemplation.

—A priest at Lawrence, Mass., reached the church where he had to perform the marriage ceremony a little late, and in his haste ordered a couple of the guests down to the altar and had begun to marry them ere they could explain matters.

—Ben. Hill, of Georgia, says: "I begin to think that the Democratic party can never be killed. Secession did not kill it; the war has not killed it; fraud has not killed it; it has not killed itself, and it will not die."

—A convict in the Joliet (Ill.) prison hanged himself in the solitary cell in which he had been kept several days for writing letters without permission. He had served several terms of ordinary imprisonment, but utter loneliness drove him crazy.

—Elder Stevenson, a Mormon missionary, incidentally proposed matrimony to a widow and her two daughters in Hickman county, Tenn. They said yes, and are now on their way to Salt Lake City, where the marriage ceremony is to be performed.

—Henry H. Kauffman, a son of Hamilton Kauffman, of Oliver township, Mifflin county, on the 24th of August fell from a steamer plying between Sioux City, Iowa, and the Black hills country and was drowned. His body had not been recovered at last accounts.

—During a quarrel at Allentown, Pa., on Sunday afternoon, between two farmers, named Jacob Kressley and Elias Lins, living on adjoining farms in Heidelberg township, Kressley struck Lins in the face with a club, causing almost instant death. Kressley was taken to Allentown and lodged in jail.

—Charles Tompkins, a stove mounter, of Pottstown, met his death under peculiar circumstances. He ran a small piece of iron in his eye, and a friend attempted to remove it. Tompkins got a fit and fell out of a second story window, resulting in the breaking of his neck.

—Rev. A. H. Aughe, a well known Lutheran minister of Gettysburg, died suddenly on Saturday on the floor of the Central synod, convened at Mifflintown, Pa.—He had made a few remarks about church papers a few minutes before his death, and intended preaching in the evening.

—They must have queer ideas in St. Petersburg, says the Hartford *Times*, of what manner of man Gen. Grant is, when, in honor of his arrival, they played all the fountains in the city. About two bottles of choice old double-can Russian rum would have cost considerably less, and would have been much more acceptable.

—Ex-Governor Curtin has been nominated for Congress by the Democrats of the Twentieth district, and as a nomination in that district is equivalent to an election, the people of Pennsylvania are to be congratulated upon the fact that they will have such a respectable addition to their Congressional delegation in the next Congress.

—Letters from Northern Ohio express the confident belief that the National movement is showing signs of fatigue. It began so early, they say, that its spirit and strength are flagging, and it would poll fewer votes to-day than it might have done two months ago. Doubtless the best test of these opinions will be the election returns after next Tuesday.

—The wife of Stephen Butler, of Wayne, Michigan, a lady of excellent connections and the mother of three young children, procured her husband's razor and, shutting herself up in the house, deliberately cut her throat from ear to ear, falling dead on the floor. In this condition the lady was discovered by her husband, who had been called from work by his little boy.

—Three yellow fever nurses, sent from Norfolk, Va., to Memphis, attempted to return home on Wednesday, but were put off the train some miles from Norfolk, by order of the health authorities. They managed to elude the police and got into the city late at night, but were arrested and taken to the pest house. Their clothes have been burned and they will be strictly quarantined for ten days.

—A veracious correspondent writing from Blue Bell, Montgomery county, under date of the 27th instant, thus indulges: "I saw in a barn here this morning a cat squatting in a hen's nest covering five kittens which were born during the night. On the cat's back sat the hen and under the hen was an egg just laid. All parties seemed to be satisfied with their situations and there was no threatening of a strike."

—A man, said to be a man, was found yesterday by a Howard visitor, says the Memphis *Avalanche*, suffering almost the last agonies of delirium tremens, who had then and there in his house three children sick with the yellow fever. At the same time his convalescent wife was just able to sit up in bed and nurse a new-born infant. It has been said that there are devils in hell, but they are not all there. We have some of them in Memphis to-day.

—A young man went to the scene of the Princess Alice disaster to identify the bodies of two drowned relatives, fell into the engine room of the steamer on which he had taken passage and was torn to pieces. The relative of a girl who escaped has been pestering the Mansion House Committee for compensation, her dress having been torn by the boat-hook with which she was hauled out. A tradesman in Tottenham Court road placed a box outside his shop with an appeal for pennies; in one week there were put in it 3,600 pennies.

—Abner Cupp was at the bottom of a well in Rocktown, near Williamsport, on Saturday morning. Before he started down he told his fellow diggers that he felt very queer; "but," said he, "I guess I might as well die to-day as any other time." The other diggers, two in number, laughed at him, and the foreboding was forgotten. In about an hour a heavy stone slid from an overloaded bucket that was being sent down, and struck the bottom with a splash and thud. Cupp was in a little while taken from the well, dead. The stone had fallen upon his bent neck, breaking it instantly.

—Two little boys were put in the Holyoke, Mass., jail, for stripping leaves from a tree in the park. Soon afterward the jailer heard their voices. Peeping into the cell, he

# THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,

FRIDAY, - - - OCT. 4, 1878.


## LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

### *Here, There, and the Other Place.*

—If you want a pair of good custom-made boots, go to Oatman's.

—The Lewistown agricultural fair, while in progress, was levied on by the Sheriff. Debt.

—A choice lot of dress hats and caps of latest styles and qualities, just received at Oatman's.

—The Eclectic Medical Association of this State held its annual session in Altoona this week.

—Ladies' and children's shoes at from 25 to 50 cents per pair cheaper at Oatman's than elsewhere in town.

—Confidence in the coin having been restored, the trade dollar is taken at par in Pittsburgh and elsewhere.

—A Lewistown printer named James A. Coplin was of the number of yellow fever victims at Canton, Mississippi.

—The State convention of the Y. M. C. A. will meet in Harrisburg on the 10th instant, and remain in session three days.

—Col. C. T. Frazer and wife, of Johnstown, celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of their wedded life last Saturday.

—"A Picture of Real Life" has been unavoidably set back for another week at least. No danger of time spoiling it, however.

—Pheasant shooting began Tuesday of this week and lots of sport is anticipated by those professionals who shoot on the wing.

—Dr. Hoffman will be at Wilmore on Thursday of next week, Oct. 10th, and at Carrolltown on Tuesday following, Oct. 15th.

—A Republican marching club has been organized in Altoona, probably with the intention of marching to the rear after the November election.

—Rev. Nathaniel R. Gates, at one time quite extensively known as the "blind preacher," and wife, are now inmates of the Blair county almshouse.

—Gen. Coffroth is in attendance at the Blair county fair, which is held this year in Altoona, and will address a Democratic meeting in that city to-night.

—The regular monthly meeting of the Poor Directors was held in the almshouse last Tuesday. Nothing but the usual routine business was transacted.

—Mr. Max Ritter, the competent and obliging brakeman on our branch railroad, is this week enjoying the usual annual vacation accorded to employes of the Pa. R. R.

—A blind man, assisted by his little daughter, gave an instrumental and terpsichorean entertainment in the Court House last Friday evening. It was very slimly attended.

—We see it stated that the Seaboard Pipe Line, has "gone where the woodbine twineth," and that subscribers to the stock are getting their money back, less the amount expended.

—Thomas Conlon threw a goblet at a man named Bradley, in Johnstown, Saturday last, and dangerously injured him. In default of bail, he was brought to this place and lodged in jail.

—A quail got out of its latitude Wednesday afternoon and alighted on the roof of the Mountain House. Its stay there was brief, though, for Mr. Jack Rhey interviewed it with a shot-gun and brought it down.

—Dr. Brallier, formerly of Ebensburg, but now a practising physician at Cherrytree, Indiana county, is prepared to tell precisely what one and one make. Twins is the answer, both girls, and he is the happy father.

—The E. A. Booth combination troupe will give a select entertainment in the Opera House, Altoona, Thursday evening of next week. Mr. Ed. M. Kerr, formerly of Ebensburg, and wife, are members of this popular company.

—Rev. Fred Evans, of Franklin, Venango county, delivered a free lecture on "Queer People" in the Congregational church of this place last Monday evening. He was listened to by an audience which was limited only by the size of the building.

—A vile personal attack was lately made on Hon. R. Milton Speer, Chairman of the Democratic State Committee, through the columns of the Huntingdon *Globe*, and now that journal is given the choice of retracting or of standing an action for slander.

—Mr. David Over, of the Hollidaysburg *Register*, has bought the Cottrell & Babcock power press on which the Altoona *Globe* was printed, and will remove the same to his office. He contemplates making some substantial improvements on the *Register* ere long.

—Gen. Wm. S. Calahan, who was Superintendent of the old Portage Railroad twenty-two years ago, presided over the Democratic mass meeting held in Washington, in this State, last Friday, at which Hons. Andrew Dill and Hiester Clymer delivered speeches.

—A letter from Washington city, written by our young friend Harry K. Coffey, another from our more venerable friend "Rob Roy," and a communication from Loretto, must all of necessity go over until next week owing to the pressure upon our columns at this time.

—If you want to buy, and we know you do, a pair of boots, or anything else you may need, at the lowest possible figures, now is the accepted time, and the People's Cheap Store, Loretto, Pa., M. J. Teitelbaum, proprietor, is or should be the accepted place for such investments.

—A Bedford county miner named John Hart was imprisoned ten hours by a land slide one day last week. At the expiration of that time, he was dug out, bruised, sore, and with mind exhausted, yet his sufferings had signally failed to spoil him entirely, for he walked home and ate a big supper.

—The boy Kunzig, who was shot and badly wounded in Altoona by James Rodger, is pronounced by his physician to be out of danger. Rodger was taken before Judge Dean on a writ of *habeas corpus* Saturday, and bail in the sum of $5,000 for his appearance at Court was required and furnished.

—M. J. Teitelbaum, of Loretto, has just returned from the eastern cities with what he claims to be the largest, finest and cheapest stock of fall and winter goods ever brought to that ancient village. Call and examine his stock and prices before making your purchases at any other establishment.

—The Democrats of Blair county will meet in grand rally at the Opera House, Altoona, this (Friday) evening. Addresses on the live issues of the day will be delivered by Hon. Wm. A. Wallace, U. S Senator, Hon. H. Yerkes, Hon. A. H. Coffroth, our candidate for Congress, and Col. John P. Linton, of Johnstown.

—A colored youth of Philadelphia, named Henry Price Williams, was introduced to an Altoona audience of Greenbackers by Mr. T. P. Rynder, one evening last week, and it is said that he held high sway till somebody asked him what was the reason he left Hollidaysburg a decade or so ago, between two days? Who frowed dat egg?

—A Republican campaign club has been formed in Altoona, and we can't say it affords us pleasure to note the fact that our typographical friends, Col. Theodore Burchfield and Major Geo. F. Dern, have become officially connected therewith. The club, which is to meet once a week, Maso(o)n fashion, itself very much mistaken if it expects to make things politically Ho(y)t for the Diligent Democrats down that way.

—As showing much enterprise on the part of the illustrated weeklies, we note the fact that two New York journals of that class lately contained pictures of the discovery of the robber Lewis' hoard of silver in Huntingdon county and the frightful death in Williamsburg, Blair county, of a young girl from the bite of a blowing viper—two events which had existence only in the fertile brain of a lively but lying newspaper correspondent.

—The Altoona *Tribune* informs us that its regular circulation of that live sheet is 1,000 copies daily. It is a sign of prosperity which we are glad to note, and evinces an appreciation for what is good in daily journalism on the part of the people of Altoona that is commendable. The regular edition of the *Tribune* was largely increased throughout the present week, to meet the demand of the public for its very full report of the doings at the fair.

—Railroad excursion tickets to the Altoona Fair were sold along the line between Johnstown and Huntingdon during the present week, and many of our citizens took advantage of this circumstance to go down and look at the big pumpkins and things.

—A young man named F. B. Harmony, while employed in repairing a cupola in the Steel Mill at Johnstown, last Monday, missed his footing and fell a distance of fourteen feet. His head struck the ground first, causing a fracture of the skull of nearly three inches in length, and, as a matter of course, death ensued almost instantly. The deceased was a married man with a family, and formerly lived at Shirleysburg, Huntingdon county. His remains were taken to that place for interment.

—Altoona would like to have the new penitentiary located at that point, and Tyrone, Bellefonte, Harrisburg, Williamsport, Huntingdon, Carlisle, and several other places, are each animated by the like desire. But, if late advices are to be relied on, the fight is narrowed down to Huntingdon and Williamsport, with the chances in favor of the former. A few more days will tell the tale. Johnstown, for a wonder of mammoth proportions, is not included in the list of competitors for the location.

—At the Franciscan Monastery, Loretto, on Tuesday, Sept. 17th, Rev. E. A. Bush, the Bishop's delegate for the occasion, received the vows of the following named postulants, who were clothed with the Holy Habit of St. Francis: Mr. Peter Phelan (in religion, Brother James), Mr. Martin Gleason (in religion, Brother Athanasius), and Mr. Edmund Johnson (in religion, Brother Paul). After the reception a sermon replete with good counsel and proper exhortation was preached by Father Bush.

—S. Teitelbaum, of Carrolltown, will return from the eastern cities to-day with a new stock of goods, consisting of the following: $2,000 worth of dry goods, $2,000 worth of made up clothing, $2,000 worth of boots and shoes, $1,000 worth of ladies' and gent's hats, $1,000 worth of hardware, and $2,000 worth of fresh groceries, all of which have been bought at the closest margins for cash and will be sold on the same terms to all who wish to purchase. Look out for Teitelbaum and the largest and cheapest stock of goods northern Cambria has ever seen.

—According to the allegation of Mr. Replogle, the huckster man of this place, a young lad named Alf. Fagan has been in the habit for some time past of throwing stones at and otherwise imposing on his (Replogle's) small children. The gentleman got tired of this sort of work, and concluded to put a stop to it Monday last by taking the law into his own hands. He chastised Fagan severely, which fact coming to the knowledge of the boy's father, information was made and Replogle bound over by Esquire Rinkead in the sum of $200 to answer at the December term of Court.

—A hearing came off Monday afternoon before Esquire Strayer, Johnstown, in which thirteen gentlemen from different townships in the northern section of this county, including Messrs. A. Strittmatter, John Bearer, and others, were accused of not paying dues and assessments to the Blair County Horse Insurance Company. The defendants, it seems, had somehow been led to believe that the Company was about becoming defunct, and very naturally refused to pay more money into its coffers. The case was appealed to Court, and will doubtless receive attention at the December term.

—Rumor has it that a gentleman sojourning in this place encountered a bear while hunting in Blacklick township, on Saturday last, and that it was a bad thing for the bear, as a few holes in his hide, provided the shot took effect, and a shockingly demoralized countenance is said to attest. As the gentleman is a Spiller by name, though not by nature, it is *bear*-ly possible that the encounter took place, that some of Bruin's blood was spilled, and that the gentleman came out of the contest, as alleged, with his epidermis unscathed, though some of his clothing, we are told, was rent in twain.

—Round fern-embroidered valleys hangs the dreamy, mellow haze, which rests on hill and lakelet in the "melancholy daze;" the lilac sky has here and there a snowy aureole, the while the gay philosopher lays in his winter coal. He wonders meanwhile where he will go to buy some seasonable ready-made clothing for himself and boys, if he has any, and if he is wise he invariably settles down on Godfrey Wolff, next door to the postoffice, Altoona, as the man he will patronize. Mr. Wolff's renutation as a cheap and fair dealing clothier has become a household word in central Pennsylvania.

—While Mr. John Storm, of Allegheny township, this county, was engaged, Saturday last, in storing corn-fodder, an accident occurred which may result in the death of one of his little daughters. The fodder was being hauled in from the field on a sled, and the horse attached to this unseasonable vehicle gave a sudden lurch and stumbled over the sled, falling with his full weight on the little girl, She was badly bruised externally, but it is thought her internal injuries are more severe and that death will be the result. At latest accounts, however, the sufferer was perceptibly improving, and that her life may yet be saved is our sincerest hope.

—After long and painful cogitation, it has been finally decided by the Republican ring managers that Mr. Joe Van Ormer, of White township, shall take the place on the local Republican ticket made vacant by the resignation of Mr. George Myers, of Gallitzin, who withdrew in either dread or disgust from the canvass for County Treasurer a couple of months ago. Joe is certainly a worthy citizen and a jolly good fellow, and for this reason, if for none other, we are sorry that the choice for the sacrifice at the polls next November has fallen on him. He will be beaten by something less than a million votes, provided of course he remains on the track.

—Capt. M. McDonald, whose price-list is a source of never-ending wonder to the people of Loretto and vicinity, wishes us to say for him this week that he is receiving his Fall and Winter stock of goods, all complete in every department, and that those who want bargains should call and see him at the earliest opportunity. Men's boots, from $2 upward; men's wool hats and caps, 75 cents and upward; 12 pounds sugar, $1; 6 pounds coffee, $1; 3 pounds tea, $1; best syrup, 75 cents per gallon; common syrup, 50 cents per gallon, and all other goods at prices equally low. The Captain is determined not to be undersold, as the foregoing figures very plainly indicate.

—Those piles on piles of empty store-boxes in front of John Lloyd & Co.'s store, High street, Ebensburg, mean that that energetic and deservedly popular firm have just laid in a very large and very fine stock of fall and winter goods, all which they mean to dispose of at prices considerably lower than rule in other mercantile establishments in town. Those who may feel disposed to doubt the accuracy of this statement have only to call and look at the price list and be convinced. In addition to all manner of dress and dry goods, the stock comprises groceries, hardware, queensware, notions, etc., etc.—everything, in fact, usually kept in a first-class country store.

—The sunlight's joy his face besours, his foot a flower is crushing; a frank look links his soul with ours—"Friend, whither art thou rushing?" The answer to this query is usually to the effect that the person spoken to is rushing in the direction of S. Blumenthal's Great Eastern Boot and Shoe Store, 1119 Eleventh avenue, Altoona, for the purpose of picking up one or more of the bargains daily and nightly there dispensed. The stock to be chosen from is unexcelled in central Pennsylvania, both as regards variety of styles and cheapness. Any description of boot, shoe or slipper can there be obtained, and at a price which will make your pocket-book fairly titter with joy.

—In the U. S. District Court, Pittsburgh, on Saturday last, in the matter of Wm. M. Lloyd, bankrupt, the petition of Jonathan Hamilton, trustee for the widow and devisees of Gabriel S. Thomas, deceased, was presented, and leave granted to issue *fi. fas.* in Court of Common Pleas of Blair county. These proceedings, the Altoona *Mirror* argues, and very correctly too, bode no good to the unsecured creditors of Wm. M. Lloyd & Co., as the amount involved is about $48,000, while the claim is secured in such a way as to make the estate of said debtor liable for the amount in any event, and hence will necessitate a great sacrifice of property by Sheriff's sale in order to meet so heavy a draft.

—When the South wind hums and sighs, and ocean smiles, and wild birds sing in woodland ways 'neath cloudless skies, and care and gloom take hasty wing, we think of love—then think again, and wonder if that cloud means rain. But when the cold winds begin to whistle around the edges, as now, our thoughts are turned into another channel. We inquire of one another where can be bought a suit of ready-made clothing for winter wear at a reasonable price? The answer is invariably—at James J. Murphy's 109 Clinton street, Johnstown. His stock, which of late has been largely added to, comprises all the fresh styles, while in the matter of prices he defies the world to beat him for cheapness.

—A party of excursionists went from Indiana to Pittsburgh to take in the Exposition the other day, and the Pittsburgh *Leader* man ran across them. He describes their appearance on the whole as what might have been expected had the catacombs of Egypt emptied their contents upon the streets of the Smoky City, and avers that they gazed long and earnestly at the steeples and patronized pop and peanut stands. Brothers Samson and Smith composed part of the crowd, and they resent the *Leader* man's slurs with so much severity that we incline to the belief that there must be some mistake about the matter. Maybe the sightseers were the ones who recently went out from Blair county.

—We have been furnished with a report of the proceedings of two Greenback-Labor meetings held at Loretto and Chest Springs on Thursday and Friday evenings of last week, but owing to a lack of space, to say nothing of a scarcity of type, we are unable to print it. Suffice it then to note that the report represents both meetings as having been large and enthusiastic, and says that both were addressed by Mr. John McCormick, of Summerhill township, who was followed at the first meeting by Mr. Henry C. Kaylor, of Munster township, and at the latter by Mr. Jas. Daley, of Allegheny township. The speeches were all well received, and our correspondent pretends to believe that the N. G.-L. movement made a nice thing out of the meetings.

—We made mention a week or two ago that either the real or assumed lunacy of Barney Vogel, the Barr township "moonshiner," had secured the removal of that somewhat notorious individual from the Pittsburgh Workhouse to Dixmont Hospital. The lunacy is now popularly thought to have been put on for a purpose, for Barney a few days since succeeded in effecting his escape from the latter institution, where he was looked upon as a weak-minded, inoffensive fellow who needed no guarding, and as a consequence he is now at large. The scene of his future operations is of course a sealed book as yet, but whatever point he may settle down at will receive a valuable acquisition to its population in the person of Barney, for he pays his taxes like a man and don't go round bothering folks with particulars about his business.

—A wagon to which were attached two horses passed through town, westward bound, Saturday last. In the wagon were eleven children, none of them above the age of twelve years, and two women, while outside contentedly trudged a couple of men, driving the horses and seeing that nothing or nobody got lost from the drove. In answer to interrogatories, they said they had cut loose from Snyder county a month since, with the intention of getting to Kansas before the cold weather sets in to stay. Kansas is a good farming country, they explained, and they meant to pre-empt a couple of sections of land and undertake the cultivation of tobacco. Provided the two women don't get fighting for the ownership of the old baby, they expect to reach their destination by Christmas, when they promised to send word back how they found things *en route*.

—Thomas Denny, aged 15 years, and a younger brother, sons of Mr. Richard Denny, of Allegheny township, this county, whistled up the dogs and went hunting the cows last Sunday week. While traveling leisurely through the woods, the dogs treed something which the boys, after a hasty reconnoisance, declared to be a coon. We don't know whether meat was scarce in the Denny household or not, but Thomas said to his brother that it would be a nice thing to take that coon along home with them anyhow. Accordingly, armed with a club, he shinned it up the tree, but the animal, seemingly averse to close acquaintanceship, jumped to the ground. The dogs seized it and soon despatched it, when it was discovered that the supposed coon was nothing more nor less than a full-grown and particularly savage-looking wildcat! Thomas and his brother gathered up their game and made tracks for home with much celerity, fearful that the wildcat's mate might be in the neighborhood and disapprove of their doings, and from that time on they have been, as they deserve to be, the youthful heroes of Allegheny township.

ON THE WING.—Business called us to Philadelphia last week, and while there we put up at the celebrated St. Cloud Hotel, of which Messrs. Geo. W. Mullin & Co. are proprietors, and did a little shopping at Wanamaker's wonderful Dry Goods and Outfitting Depot, 13th and Market, and also at the no less popular and renowned Oak Hall Clothing House of Wanamaker & Brown, 6th and Market, of both which establishments, as well as of the St. Cloud Hotel, we shall have something to say in the near future. On our way home we stopped Saturday afternoon and remained until 2.45 Monday morning in Lancaster, whither we had been invited by our genial and gentlemanly friend, W. W. Hensel, Esq., of the Lancaster *Intelligencer*, from whom and from his younger brother Harry, as well as from our no less esteemed friend Ed. Martin, Esq., we received many courtesies and kindnesses which we shall ever hold in grateful remembrance. The latter gentleman, who is well known in this place, having studied law here, is, we are glad to say, not only prospering professionally and otherwise, but "holds the fort" in one of the largest and finest mansions which adorn that beautiful city, so greatly enriched by elegant homes. Other friends of other days also greeted and welcomed us, while of new acquaintances we formed quite a number, prominent among whom, for pleasant attentions, we name the veteran and able editor of the *New Era*, J. W. Geist, Esq., and the junior member of the large and enterprising watch and jewelry firm of H. Z. Rhoads & Brother, with both of whom we held brief but pleasant intercourse. May time and opportunity soon again enable us to visit a city in which, thanks to the Messrs. Hensel, we saw so much to interest, instruct and edify.

OFF FOR BRAZIL.—Our stalwart friend of long standing—in his boots as well as in the matter of time—Mr. Peter F. Collins, rushed in upon us about the hour of nine Wednesday night, looking haggard and careworn from recent travel and urgent business, and before we knew the purport of his visit he grasped us by the hand and bade us a fond and feeling farewell, stating at the same time that he was to leave for Brazil on Saturday (to-morrow) for the purpose of assisting his brother Thomas in the management of the great railroad contract which has made the names of Collins Brothers synonymous throughout the civilized world with unbounded energy and unequalled enterprise. "Pete," as we have always taken the liberty to call him, gave us to understand that he would rather not be expatriated from his native land in such a way, but when duty calls he is one of the last men to shrink from its performance, even though in so doing he has to part for a time from a devoted wife and two lovely little children. We have long known "Pete," and while we have never experienced a brother's love, we are sure that it partakes no more of the tender and true than do the sentiments of friendship which for more than a quarter of a century have existed between the subject of this sketch and the writer thereof. In commemoration of which lasting friendship, we bid you, "Pete," a public and cordial farewell, and trust that God will preserve you from the dangers and vicissitudes which must of necessity await you in the land of torrid heat and attendant miseries. Farewell; and may Heaven's blessing go with you!

—The Sahm farm sale, in Summerhill township, will commence at 1 p. m. instead 10 a. m. on Thursday, Oct. 31st, as stated in advertisement elsewhere.

GREENBACK VAGARIES.—A series of Greenback meetings, addressed by Mr. John McCormick, of Summerhill township; Mr. James M. Daley, of Munster township; Mr. John E. McKenzie, of Chest Springs; Mr. Henry C. Kaylor, of Munster township, and others of that ilk, was held in the northern portion of Cambria county last week, followed by a faint repetition this week all along that line. It is expected that these meetings will be kept up unintermittedly till election day, though what the honest yeomanry of those boroughs and townships have done to merit such an infliction is more than we can conjecture. In his speech delivered at St. Augustine Saturday evening last, Mr. Henry C. Kaylor, one of the orators of the new financial school, saw fit to say that in case of the election of Mr. Fenlon for Assembly, Mr. Lake for Register and Recorder, and Mr. Gurley for County Commissioner, the first joint efforts of those gentlemen would be directed toward having payment of the water bonds of Ebensburg borough assumed by the county, and for the erection of a new Court House. The absurdity of such stuff is of so dense a nature that we hesitate to refer to it at all in these columns; but in as much as some inquiries, having their origin in the allegations of Mr. Kaylor and his *confreres*, have reached us, we proceed to throw a couple of rays of light on the subject. Mr. Fenlon, when elected as a member of the Legislature, will be possessed of precisely the same right to legislate on the subject of the water bonds of Ebensburg, in the shape proposed, that he would have to cast a vote in favor of the resuscitation of slavery; Mr. Lake, as Register and Recorder, would have no vote in the Legislature or elsewhere, and the measure of responsibility attaching to Mr. Gurley is in about the same ratio. The man who suggested the water bonds idea ought to be killed and stuffed—always provided, of course, that no better use can be made of him. As regards the new Court House, which measure, despite a fling in a late number of the Johnstown *Tribune*, is not being pressed, we append an extract from the law having special reference to such buildings, a careful reading of which will show that it is only upon recommendation of two successive Grand Juries, drawn in a prescribed manner, that improvements of the sort can be attained. The law says:

> The Jury Commissioners and the Sheriff of the respective county, or any two of them, shall draw from the proper jury wheel, panels of jurors, as grand jurors of the proper county, and as petit and traverse, for the trial of issues in fact which may be taken in any section in any of the Courts, civil and criminal, of the several counties aforesaid, in the manner now practised and allowed; but before the said Jury Commissioners and Sheriff shall proceed to select or draw jurors in the manner aforesaid, they shall severally take the oath or affirmation now prescribed by law to be taken by the Sheriff and County Commissioners before selecting and drawing jurors, as follows:
>
> "You, and each of you, do swear that you will use your utmost endeavors and diligence in making an impartial selection of competent persons for jurors during the ensuing year, and that you will not suffer partiality, favor, affection, hatred, malice, or ill-will in any case whatever to influence you in the selecting, drawing, or returning of jurors, but that you will in all respects honestly conform to the true intent and meaning of the acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided."—Purdon's Digest, pp. 1465 and 580.
>
> It shall be lawful for the Commissioners of any county, having first obtained the approbation of two successive grand juries, and of the Court of Quarter Sessions of such county, to cause to be erected at the seat of justice thereof, when occasion shall require, such building or buildings as may be necessary for the accommodation of the Courts and of the several officers of the county, and for the reception and safe-keeping of the records and other papers in charge of such officers, and also such other building or buildings as may be necessary and proper for the purpose of a county jail and workhouse, and, if need be, to purchase ground for the erection of such buildings. (This section is not confined to the case of new counties; and, therefore, the approbation of the Court and of two successive grand juries necessary to authorize the rebuilding of a new Court House.—6 W. 229, 3 Barr 202, Purdon's Digest, note p. 204.)
>
> It shall be the duty of the Commissioners of every county to keep and maintain the public buildings aforesaid of the county in suitable and convenient order and repair, and it shall be lawful for them, when necessary, having first obtained the approbation of the grand jury, etc., to alter, add to, or enlarge said buildings.—Purdon's Digest, pages 203 4.

That ought to be enough to demonstrate that the election of Messrs. Fenlon, Lake and Gurley can by no possibility have aught to do with increased taxation; and when the next Greenback meeting is held and Mr. Kaylor, or any one else, follows the line of assertion inaugurated at St. Augustine, we trust somobody will be on hand to confront him and confound him with the foregoing extracts from the *law*.

FIFTY-SEVEN YEARS IN MATRIMONIAL HARNESS.—On the 26th day of September, 1821, John Dougherty, sr., was united in the holy bonds of matrimony with Miss Mary Brookbank. The nuptial ceremony was performed in Ebensburg, of which town Mr. Dougherty and wife have from that time up to the present been almost constant residents. Their descendants are many, and those who know them best respect them the most.—Yesterday week was in the nature of things the fifty-seventh anniversary of the marriage of Mr. Dougherty and Miss Brookbank. A "golden wedding" is a something which is of unusual occurrence in this age of fast living, but this wedding goes not only a half century back, but a half decade and more better. Some of us—indeed a large majority of us—at that time were not born, but we all know from tradition that the Ebensburg of 1821 was a different sort of place from the Ebensburg of 1878. For example, the census of Ebensburg for the year previous presented a total population for the town of 216, and an advertisement of Mr. Dougherty printed in the Ebensburg *Olive Branch* of July 18, 1819, a copy of which is before us, recites that he is an adept in the art of "Tayloring," and that his patterns are all from the Eastern cities and only three months old. A large number of relatives and friends called on Mr. Dougherty throughout the day and cordially shook him by the hand, giving utterance to the hope that he would never grow so old that he wouldn't wish himself young enough to do it over again. Mr. Dougherty is about 84 years of age, and is sound of mind and muscle as a man in the prime of life, but his wife, we are sorry to say, has for many months been confined to her bed by reason of an attack of rheumatism, but she is yet hopeful that when the fifty-eighth anniversary of her wedding rolls round she will be able once more to stand erect by the side of her "good old man."

—Mr. Dennis Bronin, an employe of the Blair Iron and Coal Co., at Bennington, was struck by a locomotive at the east end of the tunnel on last Saturday evening. His right hand was cut off, and he received an ugly cut in the scalp. The unfortunate man was removed to Gallitzen, where the stump of the arm was properly re-amputated by Dr. C. C. Miller. Fears are entertained that the wound in the head will prove fatal.

### HYMENEAL.

CLARK—MILLER.—Married, at the residence of the bride's parents, on Wednesday evening, Sept. 25, 1878, by Rev. J. E. Powers, of the M. E. church, Mr. CHAS. S. CLARK, of Council Bluffs, and Miss ELLA MILLER, of Marengo, Iowa.

The happy bridegroom in this case is none other than our young friend "Summer" Clark, formerly of Ebensburg, but now and for a year or two past connected with the reportorial staff of the Council Bluffs *Nonpareil*, while the lady of his choice is a daughter of John Miller, Esq., a prominent attorney of Marengo. We join with the many friends of Sumner, now that he has become a Miller's Clark, in the heartiest of congratulations to himself and his fair young bride, and bespeak for them a pathway through life in which only the fairest of flowers shall blossom and bloom. More than that, we trust that the newly wedded, whom the decrees of heaven and Powers of earth have so happily joined together, may live to look back through a long vista of years only to bless and cherish the day upon which they were joined together in the holy bonds of matrimony. Still more, and as summarizing (we had almost said Sumner-izing) all the blessings which should flow from this alliance of true manhood with maidenly worth and beauty, we adopt the benizon of Scotland's great bard—

"May good luck hit ye."

CAUTION.—Having on the 11th of July, 1878, purchased the following described property from A. R. Litzinger, of Chest Springs borough, and left the same in his possession during my pleasure, I hereby caution all persons against interfering in any way with said property, to wit: 1 grey horse, 1 gorrel horse, 1 cow, 1 wagon, plow, harrow, and harness, a lot of grain, hay, corn and potatoes.

ELIZABETH LIBBY.

Oct. 2, 1878.-3t.*


# Freeman.

"ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

Terms, $2 per year, in advance.

OCTOBER 11, 1878. NUMBER 37.


### *The Boy Who Wanted a Drink.*

The Burlington *Hawkeye* fiend, in describing a recent railway journey, says: Moreover, I saw the boy who wanted a drink—a restless, questioning, uneasy, thirsty boy. He let the window fall on his fingers before the train had gone a mile. He stood out on the platform until he was encrusted two inches deep with ashes and dust and cinders. He went to the water-cooler and go a drink; then he came back and told his mother he was hot, and went back and got another drink. He drank about four times per mile, seldom oftener, unless he was suddenly seized with an uncontrolable spasm of thirst. If he was drinking and somebody else came after a drink, the boy would suddenly seize the cup he had just sat down and refill it, and drink as though he had wrapped his stomach in the desert of Sahara, glaring suspiciously over the top of the cup at the waiting passengers as he drank.

When he was in his seat he watched the aisle narrowly, and if he saw any passenger get up and move toward the water-cooler he would jump up and race for it. If he got there first, he would drink and snore over the cup until thirsty passengers forgot what he went down there for. People began to wonder how much the boy was gauged for and if he wasn't rather straining his capacity. The remotest hint or suggestion was sufficient to send him to the cooler. When the train ran over a creek, the water made him think of his thirst. When it rattled over a long stretch of prairie, the absence of water drove him mad. I was afraid the supply of water would give out before the boy was filled up, and he was a rather small boy, too. His interior circumference, I think, must have enclosed an area double in extent to that enclosed by the exterior belt. Near Waseca, we run nearly a mile without the boy making a stop at the tank.

I grew very nervous now for I was fearful that during such an unheard of abstinence from water, his pumps would run dry, rust out, and he might blow up. So I leaned over the edge of the seat and said, carelessly:

"By George, but I *am* thirsty. I wonder if there is any water on this car?"

You want to understand me now, as recording very plainly, and without any mental reservation, the fact that that boy's mother, sitting beside him, was no fool. Her eyes snapped when she heard my careless and innocent remark, she took in every syllable of it, and she turned on me in a flash with:

"I wish you would mind your own business and leave my boy alone."

A low, mocking murmur of applause went through the car, a little of it for the indignant mother, some of it for the charity boy, but most of it for me. She suppressed yours truly very successfully, but it was too late. Long before she finished that brief sentence, her boy was down at the water-cooler, holding his eyes tight shut to keep the water from running out of them, while he flooded his system as though he had taken a contract to keep up a perennial Baptist revival inside of himself.

—A new association, known as the English Labor Association, is now being formed in Washington city. It is proposed to urge upon Congress the passage of a law by which 100,000 volunteers may be enlisted for five years, for military and agricultural purposes on the reservations of the Government. Twelve skilled mechanics or artisans are to be in each company, and one regiment of each corps is to be engineers exclusively. As soon as 10,000 men shall be enlisted, they shall be sent to the reservations, and upon their arrival shall lay out a city, and begin the erection of suitable quarters for a permanent settlement, preparing ground for agricultural purposes, and developing the mineral resources of the country. Each corps to be furnished by the Government with seed, stock, farming implements and tools. Volunteers are to receive the same pay as regular soldiers, and every person so enlisting shall, upon honorable discharge, be entitled to a patent for one hundred and sixty acres of land, as now provided for by the Homestead act, or to one lot within the limits of the city, as he may elect. Every alternate lot is to be reserved to the United States.

"SAVE MAMMA."—Capt. Roscoe Burke, of the steamer Henry Clay, plying between Cincinnati and Wabash, relates the following:

Down on the Mississippi, near St. Louis, one of his boilers exploded or collapsed in backing away from a wood wharf and the steamer was sinking. Many of the passengers had leaped overboard, some with life-preservers and some without. Among the latter, who had been swept over by the wildly rushing mass of humanity, were a boy of 12 years and his mother. A man upon the stern of the boat, seeing the boy buffeting the troubled waves, attempted to throw him a rope, and at the same time crying out to him to catch it and save himself.

"No! no!" cried the little hero, pointing to a woman who struggled resolutely close by his side, "save my mamma and let me go! I can swim and she cannot."

Both were saved, and we can readily believe that boy was a hero in all honor while he remained on board. That his mother was proud and found of him, worshipping him from the depths of her heart, was evident to all.

AN AFFECTING SENTENCE.—Judge——, of the—— judicial district of Arkansas, had brought before him a convicted felon to be sentenced. The opportunity to "improve" the occasion was not to be lost, and so, after the usual demand for reason why sentence should not be pronounced, his honor, slowly and with genuine feeling addressed the prisoner: "My poor fellow, you are about to go to the penitentiary. You are required to give up for a long term everything which the great world values: your *family*—and instead to take for your associates only felons like yourself; your *home*—and to take instead what can never have the semblance of a home; you *will*—and so be subject to order of men who have no sympathy with you. Even your ordinary clothing you will exchange for [here his honor hesitated, and raising his left arm, pointed to it with the index finger of the right hand]—you will exchange for striped clothes, the stripes running not lengthwise, like these, but so running not lengthwise, like these, but so—*round and round, like a coon's tail.*"—*Harper's Magazine.*

### *A Word to Democratic Greenbackers.*

This is no time for political experiments, in wandering off after strange gods by Democrats who have kept the faith and made the good fight in the long years that the Republican party has managed to control the government, first by fanaticism, then by force, and lastly by fraud. Judge Thurman in a speech he made at London, Ohio, a few nights ago, said:

> Everywhere I have been in the State I have found the party solid as one man. No party was ever so well conditioned. If we lose this election it will be because we have not done our duty to the cause we love, because we like our case better than we do our party. Let every Democrat do his duty at the next election, and we are certain of victory.

After the 4th of March next there will be a Democratic Senate in the United States.

What a strange change, my friends.—When I entered the Senate there were but seven Democrats therein. After the 4th of March next we will have a majority of six. The Democratic House has been the means of accomplishing some grand results. It was the means of restoring the silver coinage to circulation; it was the cause of putting a stop to military interference with the elections of the State.

These things would have never been accomplished had they been left to the Republicans. If a Democratic House has done so much, what may we expect when we have both branches of Congress?

This being the case, my friends, I believe that every one of you who believes in Democratic principles—every one who believes that the Republican policy is not a wise policy, believes there should be change in our administration. I appeal to you to see that you elect a solid Democrat for this Congressional district this fall. Of what use are your Democratic principles if they are not carried into effect. Do you ever reflect that your influence in general government is confined to one day in two years? It is only one day in this time that you have a right to decide what man you will have to make your laws. When you put in your ballot, if on that paper is inscribed the name of a Republican, how can you say that you have sought to carry Democratic principles into effect?

Health is shown by works. The man who sincerely believes in the principles of a Democratic party will see that he votes for the man who will carry those principles into effect.

These words will answer as well for Pennsylvania as for Ohio. Let Democrats who are impatient at the slow results that follow their adherence to Democratic principles and support of the Democratic organization, look at what we have achieved in nine years:

In 1869, the Democrats in the United States Senate, numbered but eight Senators, while in the House of Representatives we had but seventy-one Representatives.—There was more than a two thirds Radical majority in both branches, and that party in Congress was supreme as the law making power. The President's veto, as Andrew Johnson found out, was a useless prerogative. This was the Congress that passed the act nullifying the contract with the bondholders, and making the bonds payable in gold or silver coin; by another act of repudiation afterwards changed by this same Republican party, in demonetizing silver, to gold coin.

But look at the results brought about by faithful adherence to the Democratic party and our constant appeals to the patriotism and good sense of the people. We have had control of the House of Representatives since December, 1875; the Senate is a tie, and after the fourth of March next, will be Democratic by a majority of not less than ten and possibly fourteen. The law-making power of the nation will be under the control of the Democratic party in five months.—Heretofore, having only one house of Congess, our power on legislation was but of a negative character. After the fourth of March next it will be positive and controlling. Then the Democracy will be responsible for the laws that are made, for the first time in nearly twenty years.

In 1869, the only States the Democrats controlled, as indicated by the elections of Governor, were Connecticut, California, Delaware, New Jersey and New York, five in all. All the rest were under Radical rule. Now, out of the *thirty-eight* States in the Union, the Democracy control *twenty-four*, leaving the Republicans but *thirteen*, not counting Maine, which may have a Democratic or Greenback Governor, but is certain not to have a Republican.

THE SLANDERERS OF COFFROTH.—A correspondent of the Bedford *Gagette* reads a lecture to a couple of radical newspaper libellers of that county which would apply with much more force to the unsanctified case of the Johnstown *Tribune*. Hear is what he says:

> BEDFORD, Oct. 1, 1878.—I have been a careful and constant reader for a number of years of the Bedford *Inquirer* and Everett *Press*, and always desired them worthy of the appellation of decent papers. But, alas, I am sorry that they no longer deserve such credit at the hands of the public. In the language of a distinguished Republican of this county, they have forgotten their missions and have gone to slandering and blackguarding. Look at the ungentlemanly and untruthful attacks they are making on Gen. Coffroth. Without the shadow of proof they invent and publish the most damnable falsehoods in order to traduce his most excellent character. They find their old ship of state rapidly sinking, and they have gone into wholesale slander and lying. Political slander should be kept out of a respectable newspaper. Every issue of those sheets is full of base foul and criminal charges, and they are using every effort to rob him of his good name and reputation. The people are disgusted with this stealing, slabbing and slanderous manner of trying to uphold a hopeless cause. Why, sir, they are trying to make the people believe that Gen. Coffroth is one of the greatest criminals in the world. It has been my good fortune to know Gen. Coffroth personally and intimately for many years, and I know him to be an honest man in every sense of the word.
>
> Gen. Coffroth is a self-made man and has the confidence of his fellow-men at home and abroad. No man stands higher for stability of character and integrity of purpose in Somerset county than Gen. Coffroth. He has made a reputation and established a practice that he may well be proud of, and these slanderous charges and misrepresentations will not be able to defeat him. He is the friend of the poor man and always proved true to their interests. He is sound on the money question and in favor of an honest dollar alike for the poor and the rich. The people of this district have been wronged and insulted by the votes of Campbell against

# THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - - - OCT. 4, 1878.


### *Democratic State Ticket.*

FOR GOVERNOR,
ANDREW H. DILL, of Union County.
FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,
JOHN FERTIG, of Crawford County.
FOR SUPREME JUDGE,
HENRY P. ROSS, of Montgomery County.
SECRETARY INTERNAL AFFAIRS,
J. SIMPSON AFRICA, of Huntingdon.

### *Democratic District Ticket.*

FOR CONGRESS,
GEN. A. H. COFFROTH, of Somerset.

### *Democratic County Ticket.*

ASSEMBLY,
L. D. WOODRUFF, Conemaugh Borough;
JOHN FENLON, Ebensburg.
REGISTER AND RECORDER,
JOHN G. LAKE, Ebensburg.
TREASURER,
DR. A. YEAGLEY, Johnstown.
COMMISSIONERS,
JOHN CAMPBELL, Conemaugh Borough;
GEORGE GURLEY, Ebensburg.
POOR DIRECTOR,
JESSE PATTERSON, Johnstown.
SURVEYOR,
HENRY SCANLAN, Carrolltown.
AUDITORS,
PHILIP. D. SKELLY, Portage Twp.;
PATRICK DILLON, Elder Twp.

In the Sheriff's election proclamation will be found an act of Assembly, passed last winter, for the taxation of dogs and the protection of sheep. Every voter should read the act, as it will be submitted to the people for their approval, or rejection, at the approaching election.

We direct the attention of our readers to that portion of the speech of Hon. A. H. Dill, delivered at Greensburg last week and published elsewhere, in which he discusses the money question. Mr. Dill speaks so plainly and so directly to the subject, that no one can have the least difficulty in comprehending the sound and practical views he enforces.

The New York *World* makes a "special offer" in its prospectus published elsewhere in our paper, to furnish the *Weekly World*, an eight-page paper, from now until January 1, 1879, (*three months*), for *ten cents*, postage prepaid. The same edition of the paper will be sent for *one year* for *one dollar*, or for six months for *fifty cents*, with the postage prepaid. Most persons will be surprised at these remarkably low offers, but as the *World* never proposes to do anything that it does not perform, it will make its offer good to any and all persons who comply with its terms. Read the prospectus, and accept our pledge that for *ten, one hundred*, or *fifty cents*, you can read the neatest, most dignified, and in every respect the most interesting Democratic paper published in the United States.

Missouri has her Harry White just the same as Pennsylvania. His name is John T. Crisp, and he too is running for Congress. As White's soul yearns for the Conemaugh and the Kiskiminetas, so Crisp's heart bleeds for the Missouri, and he says to the voters of his district: "Elect me to Congress and I will make a channel in that mighty stream twenty feet deep from the Yellowstone to the mouth, and when it is done I will turn my eyes to heaven and say: 'Look at it. What God intended that great river to be, I, Crisp, have made it.'" And White says to his constituents: "Elect me to Congress and I will slackwater the Kiskiminetas and the Conemaugh from the mouth of the one to the headwaters of the other, and when it is done I will turn my eyes to heaven and say: 'Look at it! What God intended these two little streams to be, I, White, have made them.'"

On Tuesday next the election in Ohio, Indiana and Iowa will take place. Congressmen will be elected in each State, while in the two latter States members of the Legislature will also be elected. As the Greenback party is in the contest fully equipped with its candidates, we will not attempt to express an opinion as to the results. At best it would only be a mere *guess*. Whatever may be the complexion of the Legislature in Indiana, it is admitted that Daniel W. Voorhees has made the most brilliant campaign ever known in that State, and that as a stump speaker he stands unrivalled in the great West, which has produced so many well known men of that type. He has labored both night and day—has addressed over seventy-five mass meetings, as well as numerous township meetings in close counties—and if he does not win success, he has shown that he eminently deserves it. The race, however, is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.

The venomous assaults of the Johnstown *Tribune* in its weekly edition upon Gen. Coffroth are growing small by degrees and beautifully less. It commenced three weeks ago with a broadside of almost *eighteen* columns but was only able last Friday to furnish an installment of *three*. If its editor perseveres in repeating his charges, it may be that eventually he will believe in them himself, for some men are so peculiarly constituted as to esteem a lie well stuck to as good as the truth. How many votes the *Tribune* will succeed in making for Coffroth is a question which the Republicans in this section of the county are just now anxiously discussing. It certainly will not drive any votes away from him, for as an old and knowing negro in Greenville, South Carolina, said to a young colored brother who was denouncing Wade Hampton when he visited that place three weeks ago: "Young man, stop—a dimmycratic candidate is jist like *bar* meat—the more you *chaw* it, *the bigger it swells*." After Coffroth is elected the *Tribune* man will be amazed at the size of the piece of Fourteen "*bar meat*" which for the past two months he has been trying to masticate.

### *Lilly's Lie Nailed and Clinched.*

Two years ago last March, William Lilly, of Washington, was examined as a witness before the House Judiciary Committee, then investigating a charge against Charles Hayes, a member from Alabama, of having received several hundred dollars for appointing a young man named Beardsler, from New York, to a Cadetship at West Point. One of Lilly's specialities was that of buying Cadetships from members of the House, and he was to swear the charge against Hayes through before the committee. In the course of his testimony he stated that about twelve years before that he had paid A. H. Coffroth, then a member, *six eight* or *nine* hundred dollars to appoint a young man to the Naval Academy at Annapolis; that he had received $1,200 from the young man's friends with which to purchase the appointment; that he never saw the young man; that he could not tell his name, but that he resided in New York, or in its vicinity. The editor of the Johnstown *Tribune* rolled this story of Lilly's under his tongue as a sweet morsel, and scattered several thousand copies of his paper containing it throughout this Congressional district, in order to injure Gen. Coffroth and defeat his election. The name of the naval cadet appointed by Gen. Coffroth was Edward J. Berwind, who then resided at Saxton, in Bedford county, and a gentleman named John Fulton, then also living in Saxton, but now a resident of Johnstown, gave him (Berwind) a letter of introduction to Gen. Coffroth, urging his appointment, and it was made. We now ask any honest man to turn to another part of our paper and read the letters from Edward J. Berwind and his brother, Charles F. Berwind, to Mr. Fulton, in reference to this matter, and then tell us what they think of Lilly and his sponsor, the Johnstown *Tribune*. We knew and said it was a lie at the very outset, and both the Berwinds show that it is without a shadow of foundation. And thus has this balloon of Lilly's, inflated with perjury, when pricked with the pin of truth, collapsed and fallen flat to the earth. Of course we do not expect that the *Tribune* will retract the libel, its editor not being a man of that kind, but look for him to reaffirm it as it suits him from now until the election. He delights in such low arts, and in the work of defaming a political opponent knows no such word as fail. But it is now harmless for mischief, and having, like spurious coin, been nailed to the counter, there it will remain.

F. P. Dewees, Chairman of the Greenback State Committee, and Francis W. Hughes, the Gamaliel of the Greenback party in this State, both reside in Pottsville, and both of them having traveled extensively over the State since the commencement of the present campaign, ought to be able, from what they have seen and heard, to form a reasonably intelligent opinion of the relative strength of the three candidates for Governor—Dill, Hoyt and Mason. They are as wide apart, however, as the north and south poles. When Dewees returns from the interior of the State to the Girard House, in Philadelphia, he does not hesitate to say that the contest is between Dill and Mason, and that Hoyt is practically out of the race. On the very same day, Mr. Hughes makes the statement to a newspaper reporter in the oil region, that either Hoyt or Mason will be elected, and that Dill will be distanced, coming out the hindmost of the three.—We have here a very remarkable difference of opinion between two Greenback leaders, whose opportunities for obtaining reliable information have been precisely the same, and the conclusion is irresistible that the estimate of neither of them is worth a row of pins. No two intelligent Democrats, nor any two intelligent Republicans in the State, would express opinions so directly in conflict with each other. Last year, Dewees, who was then as now the official head of his party, predicted a Greenback vote in Philadelphia of at least thirty thousand, whereas it was only a little over *five* thousand, while Hughes claimed one hundred and fifty thousand in the State, and only got one-third of it. As prophets they labor under the same disability that Cassandra did at the siege of Troy.

The delegates to the Democratic State Convention of Massachusetts who refused to take part in Ben Butler's political circus at Worcester, met at Faneuil Hall, in Boston, on last Wednesday week, and nominated a full State ticket, headed by Judge Abbott for Governor. They have thus asserted their own integrity and maintained the regular organization of their party, which is far more important and infinitely more honorable than any temporary success they might have achieved under the leadership of a political buccaneer like Butler. We are fully prepared for the development of some rich and rare results in several States at the November election, but we will not conclude that the end of all earthly things is about to happen, even if in the boiling of the political cauldron the hero of Fort Fisher should float to the surface as the next Governor of the old Bay State. He seems just now to have under his control some of the most powerful elements of success, and that it *is* so is one of the greatest wonders of the day. We are aware that the political sins of the people of Massachusetts have been great, and it may be that in obedience to the mysterious ways of Providence they can only be sufficiently atoned for by a visitation of Butlerism in its worst and most aggravated form.

—A woman of South Bend, Ind., who by hard work and economy had become independent, had a daughter that was slowly dying of consumption. As her mother would not even give her child the necessaries of life, the invalid requested the authorities to admit her to the poor-house. While she was there the mother learned that her child's expenses would be assessed upon her property, and so sent to have her brought home in a—wheelbarrow. Strangers interfered and hired a carriage, but when the poor girl died it was with great difficulty that her miser-mother could be induced to bury her decently.

## Another Lie Nailed.

### General Coffroth Vindicated and the Liars Exposed!

### *The Cadetship Story Contradicted by the Cadet and his Brother!*

The following false and malicious charge was made against General Coffroth by the Johnstown *Tribune* (General Campbell's organ) in its issue of September 13th:

Prominent among the disreputable acts of the Democratic nominee for Congress, stands the Naval Cadetship sale. We do not originate this charge, nor do we allude to it simply as a charge, but we go further and name it as a fact, substantiated by sworn testimony elicited in the course of a Congressional investigation, conducted under the auspices of the XLIVth Congress—a Democratic Congress. The history of this case is as follows: William Lilly, a Democratic attorney-at-law, then as now a resident of Washington City, purchased of Alexander H. Coffroth, while the latter was a member of Congress, the nomination to a Naval Cadetship for a young man named BERWIND, who professed to be a resident of Saxton, Bedford county, in Mr. Coffroth's Congressional district. For this service Mr. Lilly received $1,200 from Mr. BERWIND'S friends or relatives, which he agreed to divide with Mr. Coffroth. When he proceeded to pay Mr. Coffroth the $600 due to him, Mr. Coffroth borrowed $200 or $300 of Mr. Lilly's share *and never repaid him the amount so borrowed*, thus realizing $800 or $900 for his services by a piece of sharp practice. This occurred during the years of 1864 to 1866, and the facts in the case, though often suspected, were not really made public until an investigation in 1876 accidentally revealed the iniquitous transaction.

The following letters, which came into Gen. Coffroth's possession on Friday last, show how utterly false and malicious the above infamous attack of the *Tribune* is:

JOHNSTOWN, PA., Sept. 26, 1878.

Hon. A. H. Coffroth, Somerset, Pa.:

*Dear Sir*—I enclose letters from the Messrs. Berwind bearing on the charges made in the Johnstown *Weekly Tribune* of the 18th inst.

I have made inquiries from a sense of duty, as I was mainly instrumental in sending Mr. E. J. Berwind to you for his appointment.

The letters are full and emphatic in the total annihilation of the Lilly assertions.

From a long acquaintance with these gentlemen, I beg to assure you that you can place the fullest confidence in them. What they have stated in these letters will be, if necessary, supplemented in any legal shape that may be demanded. They are high-toned, moral gentlemen. Very respectfully, JOHN FULTON.

JOHNSTOWN, PA., Sept. 20, 1878.

E. J. Berwind, Esq.:

*Dear Sir*—I enclose you a copy of the Johnstown *Weekly Tribune*. In it you will see some very serious charges made against Hon. A. H. Coffroth on account of your appointment to the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

As I gave you a letter of introduction to Gen. Coffroth, I am drawn slightly into this political storm circle.

I write you, therefore, to inquire if these charges are true or untrue. Did your parents reside in New York State? Did you pay or cause to be paid to Gen. Coffroth $1,200 for your appointment? Did you or your agents, by William Lilly, pay for your appointment in cash, or in any other way?

Please look over Lilly's sworn statement and let me know the truth or falsity of it. I feel that we should vindicate Gen. Coffroth if innocent in this matter.

Very truly, JOHN FULTON.

42 WEST 20TH ST., NEW YORK, Sept. 21, 1878.

*Sir*—My attention having been called to a copy of the Johnstown *Weekly Tribune* of Sept. 18th, which contains, among others, the charge that money was paid to Hon. A. H. Coffroth, Representative of the 16th Pennsylvania District in the Congress of the United States, for my nomination as a Cadet to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, in 1865, I beg to say, as an act of simple justice and right, that such charge is utterly groundless. The circumstances connected with my appointment were as follows:

When my nomination to the Cadetship was made I resided at Saxton, Bedford county, at and in the immediate vicinity of which place my home had been for a period of two years and several months. My parents then resided and still reside in Philadelphia, never having been residents of any other State than Pennsylvania.

I made the application of my own volition, without the knowledge of my parents or relatives.

My first application was for an appointment at large from President Lincoln, and was endorsed by Senator Cowan, Gen. John W. Forney, Congressman Hale, and others. President Lincoln received me very kindly, but stated that at the time he feared he could not give me an appointment. Ascertaining that a vacancy existed in the district in which I lived, I changed my application to the representative of the district, being in this endorsed by Mr. John Fulton, Civil and Mining Engineer of the Huntingdon and Broad Top Railroad Company, resident at Saxton, and by other citizens of that place. I passed through the regular course at the Academy, graduated in 1869, served nine years in the navy, and was retired in 1875 for injuries received in the performance of duty at sea. During all this service, covering thirteen years, I never heard any charge of irregularity made or intimated against my nomination and appointment.

I made no promise of money or any other compensation for securing my nomination; never myself paid any one for such nomination, and never heard of money being paid or promised by my relatives or friends, or expected by those who had aided me in any way to secure the position. To the best of my knowledge, I never saw Mr. Lilly, upon whose evidence the charge against Mr. Coffroth is based, and certainly never had any communication with him, personal or otherwise, in reference to my nomination. My immediate relatives, as I have said, being ignorant of my application, could not of course have aided me in any way, much less in the manner detailed by Lilly. In brief, I pronounce the charge, in essential and in detail, entirely false. With esteem,

Your ob't servant, EDWARD J. BERWIND, U. S. Navy.

To JOHN FULTON, Esq., Johnstown, Pa.

JOHNSTOWN, PA., Sept. 16, 1878.

CHAS. BERWIND, Esq., 104 Walnut St., Philad'a:

*Dear Sir*—When your brother, Mr. E. J. Berwind, resided in Saxton, I gave him a letter to Gen. Coffroth, the member of Congress from that district. As you know, your brother was appointed as a Cadet to the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Gen. Coffroth has recently been nominated for Congress, and a charge is brought against him of receiving direct, or by an agent, $1,200 for the appointment of your brother. I send you a copy of the Johnstown *Tribune* in which these charges are made.

What do you know about them? Is there any truth in them? Please give me your brother's address in New York city, as I want to hear from him. Very truly, JOHN FULTON.

104 WALNUT ST., PHILAD'A, Sept. 17, 1878.

JNO. FULTON, Esq., Johnstown, Pa.:

*Dear Sir*—Your favor of the 16th, with an issue of the Johnstown *Tribune* of the 13th, were duly received. I am astonished at the statements of Mr. Wm. Lilly regarding the appointment of my brother by Mr. Coffroth to the Naval Academy.

They are untrue from the beginning to the end—manufactured out of the whole cloth—and as the editor's comments are based on this man's testimony, not on facts, they also are not reliable.

To have no misunderstanding, I would respectfully state that no money or other consideration was ever paid to Mr. Coffroth, directly or indirectly, or to any other person, for my brother's appointment to the Academy. Mr. Lilly states what he knows to be untrue when he testifies that $1,200 was paid to him by my relatives or any body else for his appointment.

I beg leave to endorse your letter concerning my brother's residence in Bedford county; but I must again contradict Mr. Lilly's statement that my brother LIVED *in New York or vicinity at any time prior to the appointment*.

I doubt whether the young man has ever seen New York before he went to Annapolis. He was born and raised in this State. The editor's remarks that the boy's parents live in the State of New York are unsupported. Neither of his parents, to my certain knowledge, ever lived there, or ever remained there twenty-four hours at time.

You are at liberty to use this letter as you please, every word of which can be corroborated and proven if necessary to vindicate Mr. Coffroth, as well as my family, in the matter of the appointment referred to.

Yours truly, CHAS. F. BERWIND.

NEW YORK, Sept. 21, 1878.

*Dear Sir*—You may fancy that I was astounded at the infamous statement in regard to my naval appointment some thirteen years since, made by Lilly, a perfect stranger to me, and to which you so kindly called my attention.

I enclose herewith a brief refutal of the entire charges, which please have published over my signature.

Excuse me for the severe reflections upon myself and upon my relatives, it is but due Gen. Coffroth, to whom I feel under such deep obligations, that these infamous lies should be emphatically and specifically contradicted.

I wish that you would, upon the first opportunity, express to Mr. Coffroth my sincere regret that his kindness to me should have been the origin of such a tissue of falsehoods, designed for no other purpose than his injury.

Please send me a copy of the journal in which my letter may be published. With esteem.

Very sincerely, E. J. BERWIND.

To JOHN FULTON, Johnstown.

### *POTTING BUTTER.*

Our feminine readers will be interested in the following recipe for "potting" butter after the English style, which we clip from one of our British exchanges: The writer begins by saying very seriously that the best directions that could be given will not insure success unless the very best butter only is used; indeed, that is the main secret of getting butter to keep—only trying it with what is of first quality—firm and adhesive, cutting like wax and smelling like a bouquet, made from cream that has been skimmed while quite sweet, and though not churned for six or seven days, will take comparatively little harm in the pitcher, where only a small portion comes in contact with the air, to what it does spread over a large surface in the dishes. Many people, from motives of false economy, leave their cream unskimmed till it gets sour. From such cream good keeping butter never can be made. It has the elements of putridity within itself, and though it may taste and smell fresh when new made, it will soon develope rancid tendencies, and defy all the arts of the dairymaid to keep it good. At the present time we are using butter potted just about a year ago, and in taste and smell there is almost no difference between it and what we are making which, I may mention incidentally, is so fine as to command something higher than market price. This butter which was potted twelve months ago, was churned from cream always skimmed sweet, collected for eight days, was washed in spring water till it ran clear, was salted immediately in the proportion of one pound of salt to every ten pounds of butter, and besides, had about half a teaspoonful of pounded white sugar to each pound, and set away in the butter pail till next day. Meanwhile a pot corresponding to the quantity of butter (as it is better to fill each pot at one churning) was thoroughly scalded and then filled with cold water till wanted. When about to be used, a small handful of salt is thrown round the bottom and sides, and each pound firmly pressed in, the finger being occasionally run round the inside of the pot, to keep the air from getting between the butter and the earthenware. When full to within half an inch of the top, the butter should be smoothed nearly over, the number of pounds marked on it with the finger, and another handful of salt strewn over it; after that a piece of cotton or linen should be tied over the pot which should stand in a cool place. Sometimes the brine rises to the top, and sometimes the salt remains dry and unmelted, but I have not observed that it makes much difference, as I have found the butter equally good in both cases, which is just another proof that it is the quality of the butter that chiefly determines the success of the operation.

### *THINGS WORTH KNOWING.*

1. That fish may be scaled much easier by dipping into boiling water about a minute.

2. That fish may as well be scaled, if desired, before packing down in salt; though, in that case, do not scald them.

3. Salt fish are quickest and best freshened by soaking in sour milk.

4. That milk, which is turned or changed may be sweetened, and rendered fit for use again, by stirring in a little soda.

5. That salt will curdle new milk; hence, in preparing milk-porridge, gravies, etc., the salt should no be added until the dish is prepared.

6. That fresh meat, after beginning to sour, will sweeten if placed out of doors in the cool over night.

7. That clear boiling water will remove tea-stains and many fruit stains. Pour the water through the stain, and thus prevent its spreading over the fabric.

8. That ripe tomatoes will remove ink and other stains from white cloths; also, from the hands.

9. That a teaspoonful of turpentine boiled with your white clothes will aid the whitening process.

10. That boiled starch is much improved by the addition of a little salt, or both, or a little gum arabic dissolved.

11. That beeswax and salt will make your rusty flat-irons as clean and to smooth as glass. Tie a lump of wax in a rag, and keep it for that purpose. When the irons are hot, rub them first with the wax rag, then scour with paper or cloth sprinkled with suet.

12. That blue ointment and kerosene, mixed in equal proportions and applied to bedsteads, is an unfailing bug remedy, and that a coat of whitewash is ditto for the walls of a log house.

13. That kerosene will soften boots or shoes which have been hardened by water, and render them as pliable as new.

14. That kerosene will make tin kettles as bright as new. Saturate a woolen rag and rub with it. It will also remove stains from clean varnished furniture.

15. That cool rain-water and soda will remove machine-grease from washable fabrics.

Removing Grease Spots.—Grease spots can be quickly removed from paper by scraping a little pipe-clay on both sides of the paper, and then putting a flat-iron over them, taking care that it is not so hot as to scorch the paper. Another method is to wet the grease spot with either and put a bit of white blotting paper on each side of the paper, and apply the hot iron. If a stain remains after the grease has been extracted dip a camel's hair brush into pure spirits of wine, and draw it over the edges of the spot.


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**John Wanamaker.**

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HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

These famous Pills PURIFY the BLOOD, and act most powerfully, yet soothingly, on the LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS, and BOWELS, giving TONE, ENERGY, and VIGOR to the whole system. They are wonderfully efficacious in all ailments incidental to FEMALES, Young or Old, and as a general FAMILY MEDICINE for the cure of most complaints they are unequalled.

Important Caution.—None are genuine unless the signature of J. Haydock, as agent for the United States, surrounds each box of Pills and Ointment. Boxes at 25 cts., 62 cts., and $1 each. For sale by Lemmon & Murray, Ebensburg, and by Druggists generally.

☞There is considerable saving by taking the larger sizes. Holloway & Co., New York.

A CURE FOR ALL!

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

Possessed of this REMEDY, Every Man may be his own Doctor. It may be rubbed into the System, so as to reach an internal Complaint, by these means, it cures Sores or Ulcers in the THROAT, STOMACH, LIVER, SPINE, or other Parts. It is an infallible remedy for BAD LEGS, BAD BREASTS, Contracted or Stiff Joints, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, and all Skin Diseases.

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Aug. 9, 1878 1y.

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March 22, 1878.-1y.

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TEETH

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278 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Many others claim that they extract painlessly and often fail, but Dr. Quincy A. Scott is always successful and his own absolutely safe anaesthetic is as harmless as water and can be safely taken by old and young, and people in every condition of health.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

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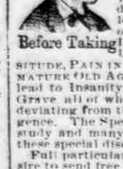
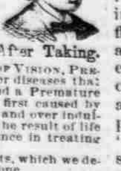


Before Taking.



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Full particulars in our pamphlets, which we desire to send free by mail to every one.

The Specific Medicine is sold by all Druggists at $1 per package, or six packages for $5; or will be sent by mail on receipt of the money by addressing THE GRAY MEDICINE CO.

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August 9, 1-78 -1y.

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April 24, 1878.-tf. JOHN PARKE.


### *HISTORICAL.*

Among the splendid tombs in Agra is that of the wife of Shahgehan, which employed 20,000 artists and workmen for twenty-two years. It is of black and white marble, and has three platforms, with four towers and a magnificent dome.

The first nunnery ever founded is said to have been that to which the sister of St. Anthony retired at the close of the third century. The first founded in France was near Poitiers, by St. Marcellina, sister to St. Martin, A. D 360. The first in England was at Folkestone, in Kent, by Earbald, or Edbald, King of Kent, 630.

The last person who suffered the punishment of branding in England was a Frenchman. On the 22d of December, 1799, James Otteau, a French prisoner of war, was convicted of manslaughter in the Admiralty Court, London. He was sentenced to be burned in the hand, which was carred into effect before he left the court, and in presence of the Judge who tried him (Sir William Scott). The apparatus.—viz., the chafing dish, the brand, and irons for keeping the hand steady—being adjusted, the brand was applied. The patient uttered an involuntary convulsive scream on feeling the iron, but instantly regained his apparent composure.

Henry the Eighth was the first King of England who assumed the title of Majesty. Before his reign the sovereigns were usually addressed, "My Liege," "Your Grace." The latter epithet was originally conferred on Henry the Fourth: "Excellent Grace" was given to Henry the Sixth: "Most High and Mighty Prince," to Edward the Fourth; "Highness," to Henry the Seventh, which last expression, and sometimes "Grace," was given to Henry the Eighth. About the end of this reign all titles were absorbed by that of "Majesty," with which Francis the First addressed him at their interview in 1520. James the First confined this title to the present "Sacred," or "Most Excellent Majesty."

The poison so freely used by the Italians in the seventeenth century was called "aqua tofana," from the name of the old woman Tofania, who made and sold it in small, flat vials, which she called manna of St. Nicholas, on one side of which was an image of the saint. She carried on this traffic for half a century and eluded the police, but, on being detected, confessed that she had been a party in poisoning 600 people. Numerous persons were implicated by her of all ranks, and many of them were publicly executed. All Italy was thrown into a ferment, and many fled, while some persons of distinction, on conviction, were strangled in prison. It appeared to have been used mainly by married woman who were tired of their husbands. Four or six drops were a fatal dose, but the effect was not sudden, and therefore, not suspected. It was as clear as water, but the chemists have not agreed about its real composition. A proclamation of the Pope described it as aquafortis distilled into arsenic, and others considered it as a solution of crystallized arsenic. The secret of its preparation was conveyed to Paris, where the Marchioness de Brinvaliers poisoned her father and two brothers, and she with many others, was executed, and the preparers of it were burned at the stake.—*Chicago Ledger.*

Mexican Beauties.—All the social upheavals in Mexico for the past sixty years have failed to mingle the blood of the Indians with the blue blood of a certain element of their conquerors and descendants of the conquerors. This is the guera element, which has held its own inviolate amidst the surging passions surrounding it, amidst temptations which nothing but a haughty pride of race would or could have resisted. There are two types of gueras. The first has some very distinct characteristics. The face is spirituelle, and has that subdued expression which invariably results from religious meditation, and in color is white as alabaster. The flesh is faultlessly white, tinged with a refined but healthy pallidness. The eyes are usually dark, large and lustrous, and the hair abundant and black as the raven's wing. The teeth are perfect, and white as snowflakes. The "rubias," the second type are superb specimens of womanhood, and are so called because they have auburn or golden hair, which in some instances runs into a flaming rich red color. The eyes are often deep blue, and soft and entreating in their expression. The flesh has a sunset tinge to it which indicates a more warm and sensuous nature than that of the paler haired women. Near the town of Agua Caliente, State of Sinaloa, there is a village of rubias, the young woman of which are matchless in their style of beauty. Tall and graceful, with richly rounded busts and symmetrical forms, and a step as lithe and elastic as a fawn's, they move about, the very symbols of the poetry of motion. They have something in their manner and style similar to the higher classes of Russian women, and whom they greatly resemble. The rubiss, like the gueras, live mostly in the interior where the climate is more mild and genial, while the dark races inhabit the hot regions along the coast.—*Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

A black-and-blue spot is neither pretty nor pleasant, but there is no reason any small boy should be disfigured with one, unless he likes it as an evidence of his war-like propensities. As soon as he comes in crying, because "Tommy hit him," cover the mark of Tommy's knuckles with moistened starch, and it will immediately disappear.